

# CAVALCADE

JANUARY

1947 1/-



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Miss Noel McGlinchey, of Toorak,  
Victoria, winner of CAVALCADE'S  
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*Photo by John Warburton*



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# CALTEX

QUALITY PETROLEUM PRODUCTS



# Cavalcade

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## IT'S COLD IN THE

## MORGUE



What goes on in the morgue, waystation on the path to eternity.

W. KINNEAR ROBERTSON

THE body was taken to the morgue.

You see the phrase, with its dreadful blow of finality about it, at the end of a newspaper story of murder, suicide, or street mutilation.

The story of the shooting, of the teen and broken bodies in the car accident, of the girl who found peace in the gas-filled kitchen, of the small boy drowned in a muddy pit, of the toddler who fell into a cauldron of scalding water. And the chapter is closed with journalistic brevity . . .

The body was taken to the morgue. Just that. Nothing more.

But should you wonder what happens at the morgue, or what the morgue is like, come with me. Few have the opportunity of going behind the scenes of this clearing house of violent crime and accident. It certainly has an average of 1250 visitors a year, but they all are past knowing or caring about their surroundings. They arrive in a variety of conveyances, ambulance, undertaker's

wagon, private car; but none walks. They are beyond human aid, and their destination is the morgue because a doctor has refused to give a certificate that death had resulted from natural causes.

To visit the morgue in an observatory capacity you go first to the Coroner's Court and see City Councillor Stewart. He is a mild and pleasant gentleman. You ask his permission to see through the morgue for the purpose of writing an article. He says:

"By all means, but there's nothing much to see. Anyway, tell the caretaker you have my permission to be shown through."

You go through the back way to the court, and down a flight of old stone steps. You locate the caretaker hunched in his wooden sentry box keeping watch over the living while his worn face and red-rimmed eyes tell of a tryout he has kept these many years with death.

The morgue is not too far away. It is an old and wretched

stone building of perhaps sixty feet by thirty. There are windows through which not even the sun is permitted to peer.

The caretaker swings open the door and you follow. You are in the morgue. You are seven slabs which might be made of porcelain but which aren't. They are about four feet from the ground and they slope a little. At the lower end there are holes bored in circular fashion through which the blood drains.

The first two slabs are vacant, the next five are occupied . . . sightless eyes staring at the ceiling. The caretaker is reluctant to discuss the bodies, nor you imagine from any feeling of delicacy. He has been too long in close partnership with the dead. However . . .

The first body is that of a young girl. She may have been twenty. Her features are composed and peaceful. There is even the faint suggestion of a smile about her mouth. You are reminded of the world-famous death mask made from the face and head of a girl recovered from the Seine.

But this young woman was not drowned. She had filled her kitchen with gas and there died. Why she had chosen that way out of life, or why she had ceased to want to live may be known when the inquest is held. But it is too early yet. She was only found the previous night.

You pass to the next, and you can only imagine what fearful death this man had died. His arms and legs are heavily bandaged, and his head is swathed in bloody lint. All you know is that there had been a car accident. The organist

will tell the story, and perhaps someone will be present charged with manslaughter.

The next is a thin-middle-aged man, so short that his up-turned nose are more than a foot away from the end of the slab. He has a stubble of beard on his pointed chin, and there is a neat bullet hole above his right ear. Suicide, no doubt, but you do not know for sure.

Then there is a boy of about fourteen. Life had been crushed out of him when a lorry had passed him against a brick wall. Pain and fright are still stamped on his features. You can imagine you can hear the scream that died on his bloodless lips, and you can imagine, too, that you can see the grief-bent shoulders of his father as he passes out of the morgue after identifying the broken body of his son.

The last was once a finely built man, but all you are now are charred remains. He had been trapped in his overturned car and burnt to an agonizing death. And while you imagined you saw the father of the crushed boy, there is no imagination here. Someone is being brought into the morgue by a policeman. He is a young man of fine physique and he has come to identify the body of the hapless soul whose life was burnt away. Tight-tipped and with his jaw muscles sticking out like knobs he looks at the blackened frame.

"That's him," he says. "That's Ted."

The constable takes the brother gently by the arm and leads him from the grisly sight he had been compelled to see.

THE first arrest ever made by the Canadian North West Mounted Police was in 1874 and concerned William Head, a Negro whisky peddler of ill-repute. Head, said an Indian, was selling fire water to the Indians of the district, taking in exchange their best buffalo skins and beaver. Assistant Commissioner McDowell sent out a detachment with the order: "Get that man and bring him in." They did just that, bringing in Head and four accomplices—and founding the Corps' tradition of always getting its man.

"All fresh ones this morning," comments the caretaker. He leads on to a doleful room at the end of the building where you see another slab, unoccupied. Near at hand is an array of surgical instruments. They are not shining on white towels in glass cases, but are lying loosely on shelves. There is no need to worry about sepsis when you're carving up the dead.

"They hold the post-mortems here," says the caretaker.

A few minutes later you are outside, smelling with enjoyment the fresh air. But there is an uneasy feeling in the pit of your stomach. You have a whisky and soda with a friend, and you tell him you've been to the morgue. He says:

"I can smell it." And you realize there is a peculiar odor in your nostrils, and that your clothes smell of musty hay. It is, of course, the smell of death. Perhaps that is the reason why the caretaker's fingers are black with nicotine.

Questions one might now examine are—when is an autopsy held, and who orders it?

To begin with, the Coroner, who has previously studied with great care police and medical reports, inspects the bodies each morning, and it is he who determines whether an autopsy will be performed. He orders one in many cases, and in every case of suspected suicide. A moment's thought and the reason for this will be obvious.

Take the case of the young girl whose gassed body was found in her kitchen. There may have been someone who had decided that for unknown reasons she was better out of the way. What would have been easier than to have given her a powerful sleeping draught, carried her to the kitchen, blocked the cracks and key holes, and turned on the gas?

The doctor performing the post-mortem would certainly discover traces of the drug when he had examined the stomach and contents, and the wheels of the Criminal Investigation Branch would be spinning a moment later.

In all cases of suspected poisoning by arsenic or other metallic poison it will be seen, too, how necessary is a post-mortem. Muscles, bone, skin, nails and hair often produce very revealing evidence, which, in England particularly, has led a direct way to the gallows.

Of course, the doctor performing the autopsy is not able always to determine the cause of death in which case he submits various portions of the human viscera to the Government Analyst, who swiftly does the rest.

In the performance of an autopsy the law demands that the medical officer open three cavities—the skull for examination of the brain (a cerebral hemorrhage may be discovered when death was first thought to have been due to other causes), the chest, and the stomach. Sometimes the organs are replaced, while at others they are sent for Government analysis or to the medical school at the university.

The corpse is then sewn up with more despatch and less exactness than would occur in an operating theatre. There is no reason why it should be otherwise. To give the skull a more realistic appearance it has been known to stuff the brain cavity with cotton wool when that once-useful organ was required for other purposes.

The police naturally play a considerable part in all cases of violent death and Government Medical Officers, in the country particularly, depend on them to a great extent. Police often attend

the post-mortems and in some cases actually assist in their conduct.

Adapts as they are to the observance of regulations, the police are frequently in a position to indicate to the doctor what portions of the viscera are required by the Health Department. In cases of poisoning it is not unusual for country doctors to forward only the stomach and contents after all traces of the poison have left the stomach. Obviously this would not be a great help to the analyst, and may give a murderer more than a fair start.

To finish this story of death and post-mortems, it may be interesting to know the difference between an inquest and a Coroner's inquiry or investigation. It is an inquest when someone has been, is about to be, or at some later date might be charged with murder or manslaughter. It is an inquiry or investigation when the coroner has decided that there is nothing of a criminally suspicious nature about the death.



## VIOLINIST WHO PLAYS FOR

# Laughs



Funnyman Bentley is a few notes short of being a victim victim.

D. H. LANE

RICHARD Bentley became a comedian for two reasons, one of which was money.

The other was that he could play the violin like Heifetz, but using fewer notes; the clarinet like Benny Goodman, but using even fewer notes; and could sing with a voice which resembled Coward's more closely than Coward's.

Thus he was stuck with more potential talent than he knew what to do with—and by combining all of them in a straight effort to entertain the customers he was somewhat less successful than Heifetz, Goodman or Coward. One day he discovered that the musicians with whom he played in an amateur dance band preferred to hear him talk rather than play, and he began to suspect that he was funny as a monkey cage. So he became a comedian.

He retained his other accomplishments as supplements to his comic talk, and soon found (like Jack Benny) that it was funnier to threaten to play the violin than actually play it. This is a comic

operation also practiced by W. C. Fields, who once said "the funniest act was to make ready to hit a golf ball for 20 minutes—and walk off the stage without ever hitting it, thus defining a principle of comedy: 'the funniest thing a comedian can do is not to do it.'"

Bentley's first venture into solo entertainment was in cabaret work, where, he says, the customer is always right. It was then he learned that audiences are composed almost completely of simple-at-heart folk whose sympathies are with the underdog, and by developing that half-burnt, half-bewildered look made famous by Chaplin he had the battle won before he said a word.

His appearance helped. He had the lean and hungry look and the audience felt it would be thoroughly unfair to refrain from clapping a comic who palpably had one foot in the grave. He raised the other foot to the ladder of success by getting a job on the A.B.C. as a mimic, and got so used to speaking like Coward that he

thought seriously about writing an opera or two. He even had the title for one—"Bitter Sweet"—and was profoundly disappointed to find that another character named Coward or Bentley or something had written it first.

His radio appearance with Gladys Marwick in "The Cuckoo" brought him a stage offer from J. C. Williamson's to play in "Wild Violets" as juvenile lead. Around 1938 he decided that any country that had helped make Noel Coward very rich could also afford to maintain Bentley. Within a fortnight of arriving in London he was back in cabaret work. At the Coconut Grove, Cite Anglaise, Chez Henri and Quaglin's, he worked so hard that he was, in his own words, ready to stand in for a ghost.

He had already auditioned twice for the B.B.C. without success. He got a third audition, was asked by Charles Shadwell, director of variety, why he had not tried before, and while thinking out an appropriate answer was offered parts in six current features.

One of these shows, "You Asked for It"—a listener-request programme—made him front-page news. He feels he would have made the headlines anyway, because the accident that made him news-worthily caused him to take meekly walks along the Thames Embankment, the outside row.

When a listener requested Family's "Cleaning Windows" he discovered that it was on the banned list and charitably remarked that evidently the window's were not clean enough yet—a simple enough comment for most people

perhaps, but one which did not take into account the affection in which the listening public held his favorite comedian.

Like the poet Leigh Hunt, but for a different reason, Bentley woke up next morning to find himself famous. He opened his morning paper to read the banner headline: B.B.C. Jambly Comedian. In the margin the telephones at "The Big House"—Bentley's title for the staid institution—had run hot as operators recorded protests against "Mr. Bentley's ill-chosen remark." Mr. Formby himself was no less hurt.

"That stung," he said sadly, "sold nearly 200,000 records, and I sang it at a Royal command performance. If the B.B.C. doesn't like my song, they ought to shut their mouths and not say anything. I shall certainly take advice about the matter and it is not going to end here."

Peace returned to Broadcasting House when both Bentley and the B.B.C. expressed regrets to Formby, and that was that—except that "You Asked for It," which had been pulling a mail of about 50 letters each week, had now to be weighed instead of counted. With 4,000 letters weekly it became the B.B.C.'s most prolific mail-greaser. And Dick Bentley received official forgiveness to the extent that he was among the 50-odd top-line artists who were formed into a company taken to Bristol to entertain the evenings of blacked-out England.

His fellow artists included Phyllis and Allan, Evelyn Laye, Clapham and Dwyer, Tommy Trinder and Leslie Harchman,

# **DIVERSION ON A PROFESSION**

Lucky man, the director—  
 He's thought to be a bene-  
 factor.  
 Administering his well-placed  
 raps  
 And adding sundry, subtle  
 taps.  
 And when he's relied suf-  
 ficient words,  
 He winds a bill marked: Pay  
 or else!  
 In other words, the man gets  
 paid for  
 Doing things that I got floyed  
 for!

and the cast was perhaps the most  
 lustrous ever assembled for radio  
 purposes.

When he came back to Aus-  
 tralia Bentley worked first with  
 the A.B.C. and then switched to  
 commercial radio as Australia's  
 favorite funny man.

He also took a turn at legitimate  
 theatre by playing Beverly Car-  
 lion in "The Man Who Came to  
 Dinner." It is probably unneces-  
 sary to mention that the character  
 he portrayed bears a remarkable  
 resemblance to Bentley's rival in  
 the entertainment field, Noel  
 Coward.

No one could call Bentley a sys-  
 tematic character. He once went  
 on stage with the intention of  
 reading a letter considered by the  
 producer to be an essential part  
 of the plot. Although he had read  
 the letter many times he had only  
 the vaguest idea of its content—  
 and when he slipped his hand into  
 his pocket he found only his cigar-  
 ette case.

Near panic, he told the audi-  
 ence he had a very, very small note  
 to read, and under cover of his  
 cigarette case read frantically to  
 remember what it was all about.  
 If his attempt created any diversion  
 from the real plot, no one in the  
 audience noticed it sufficiently  
 to comment.

He considers that the test of a  
 funny man's fairness is valid  
 still.

"After all," he says, "the radio  
 listener's seat costs him nothing  
 but the customer at a vaudeville  
 show is conscious that his seat cost  
 him plenty. Sometimes I felt so  
 sorry for the patrons in the stalls  
 that I allotted each gag a mon-  
 etary value—and if the total didn't  
 amount to the cost of the seat, I'd  
 throw in a few more gags."

During the war Bentley took  
 time off to tour the Southwest  
 Pacific area with singer Pauline  
 Guernick and pianist Maudie Road.  
 In a 28-day trip which carried him  
 10,000 miles he gauged his way  
 through 45 shows, sometimes play-  
 ing to an audience of 14,000, other  
 times to a scant half-dozen men—  
 hospital patients who otherwise  
 wouldn't have had a show.

"Tropical Times," a multi-  
 graphed newshack owned by the  
 U.S. forces, said: "Bentley is a  
 ringer for Bob Hope. He looks  
 much like the Yank comedian, and  
 his humor is as fast and breezy.  
 Unlike Hope, Bentley has a good  
 singing voice."

One of the three reasons which  
 brought Bob Hope to this country  
 was, according to Hope, to see the  
 man who pinched his gags. Ben-  
 tley, interviewing him for Cine-  
 sound newswire, denied that he

used Hope's jokes; then, having  
 congratulated Hope on his suit,  
 asked him where he got it.

"Chicago," replied the Ameri-  
 can, and Bentley said: "And  
 where were you at the time?"

Which may not be uproariously  
 funny, except that the gag was  
 one on which Hope had risen to  
 fame.

Bentley keeps no gag file, believ-  
 ing that the best way to be funny  
 is to ad lib, and the best way to  
 ad lib is to know all the answers.  
 His memory, not so good in most  
 matters, is a storehouse for thou-  
 sands of gags, any of which may  
 come to him when needed. When  
 he first started to write comic  
 scripts it took him eight hours to  
 write a four-minute "spot;" it still  
 takes him roughly the same time.

For his current commercial pro-  
 grammes his scripts are prepared  
 by writers Fred Persons and Alex  
 McDonald, who conceive a situa-  
 tion and write into it the approp-  
 riate gags. From Thursday to  
 Monday Bentley pores over the

script, taking out material or add-  
 ing to it to mould it to his own  
 personality. On Monday morning  
 he has a first reading with the pro-  
 ducer, at which more alterations  
 may be made, and from 10 a.m.  
 to 4 p.m. on Tuesday he rehearses  
 with the rest of the cast. Even  
 during rehearsal an inspirational  
 gag may cause a last-minute  
 change, and Bentley never misses  
 a chance to ad lib, if inspired,  
 while the show is being recorded.

It is almost traditional that be-  
 neath the garb of the clown beats  
 the heart of a great and serious  
 artist. That's the way it is with  
 Dick Bentley. Rarely performing  
 publicly on the violin, he still  
 plays it at home with the concen-  
 tration of Heideide. He pampers it  
 with the care that would be lav-  
 ished on a Strad and when he takes  
 it from its case unwraps many  
 yards of silk wrapping.

"After all," he says, "I do play  
 the clarinet better than Heideide  
 and the violin better than Good-  
 man!"



# EVERY CROOK HIS OWN STOOL PIGEON



All criminals unconsciously leave a personal signature on the job.

**A HOUSEHOLDER** was awakened by a burglar and tackled him in the dark. The citizen had a tight hold of the thief's coat but the man slipped out of the coat and escaped.

When the police arrived the only clues they had were the burglar's sports coat and a tram ticket in one of the pockets. Tramway officials were able to tell on what tramline, and for which section, the ticket had been issued.

Detectives then went to what is called the *Modus Operandi* section of the Criminal Investigation Branch, Sydney, and looked up what burglars lived in the area about that tram section.

They got out photographs of these men—and one of them was wearing in his rogues' gallery portrait, the very sports coat left in the householder's hand. When the man was arrested he nearly collapsed from astonishment, for he had failed to reckon with one of the criminologist's most valuable

weapons in his war against crime.

It is a fact recognized all over the world that all criminals in the act of crime unconsciously leave certain tell-tale giveaways in the very method of going about their crime. The *modus operandi*, the criminologist knows, betrays the crook—those Latin words meaning "the mode of operation."

A perfect illustration was a burglary in a Sydney suburb, when detectives saw a puddle in a corner of the lounge room. *Modus operandi* records revealed that a certain burglar had committed this accident not on other occasions. His home was searched and there was the stolen property—all because his "trademark" was recognized.

No matter how experienced the criminal may be there is always some personal peculiarity about his method of operation to identify him with the crime. He seems to develop a style early in his life of crime and it is remarkable that he seldom departs from it throughout his career.

For instance one burglar will always force the back window of a house, another a side window, another a door. A certain thief will always steal jewellery, another

clothing or money. Others who break and enter cannot resist eating fruit or food, and others will always drink the householder's whisky, or milk.

Confidence men will always tell *doges* the same story, have the same manner of approach. False postenders will invariably give the same particulars when passing their valueless cheques to different persons.

Long ago detectives realized that if the personal peculiarities of all criminals could be tabbed and indexed investigation would be much easier. With this object the *Modus Operandi* section was inaugurated at the Sydney C.I.B.

In 1931 the New South Wales Police Commissioner went abroad to study police methods at Scotland Yard and in America. On his return he introduced the *Modus Operandi* section—known to police generally as the "M.O."—and from a modest beginning it has grown to one of the most important branches of the Police Department.

Under genial, well-liked Sergeant Les. Moore a staff of 14 men and seven women have a full-time job of recording all known details of the thousands of criminals who have at one time or other operated in N.S.W., as well as particulars of thousands of suspects.

Along the walls on the first floor of the C.I.B. are fireproof cabinets which contain information invaluable to detectives.

Apert fees the classification of the "trademarks" or peculiarities of all known felons there are particulars of known and suspected abductees, records of lost or

stolen articles, criminals who are continually consorting, drug addicts and pedlars, details of all jewellers' repair marks, motor vehicles used by criminals, nicknames of criminals, occupations followed by criminals, and records of all murders and other serious crimes for years past.

Each police officer is obliged to forward to the *Modus Operandi* section all information he gathers concerning the movements of criminals and suspects, and of all offences reported to him. The information is carefully recorded and indexed.

When an officer is detailed to an investigation one of the first things he does is to find out what information is available at the M.O. Often the information obtained there shortens his work—often conveys to him the name of the offender.

All valueless cheques are photographed and the signatures carefully classified. When detectives are investigating such a case an expert at the M.O. will compare the writing on the dud cheque with that of known offenders who have previously passed valueless cheques. Mostly the expert tells the detective the identity of the offender.

A sample of every jeweller's repair mark is filed and often watches and jewellery are traced to the owner from knowing what jeweller repaired the article.

Often the nickname of a person doing a crime is known and the records restrict suspicion to those persons who go by that name. Criminals bestow nicknames on each other—or on themselves—

**ARTURO Toscanini**, famed conductor, turned down Hollywood riches because he feared the movies would damage his artistry. But during the war he made one film short for the U.S. Office of War Information. It could not be shown in America until he gave permission to release the short for the benefit of the Red Cross. Toscanini leads the NBC Symphony in the overture to Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" in "Hymn of the Nations," another Verdi composition which gives the show its title, the orchestra is joined by a tenor and the Westminster Chime. The conductor is reported to be even more impressive in the film than in the desk—a little man with a wild shock of white hair. It is like a brainy hole, but you can understand from the same eye that he darts at the men behind their music desks why he can do such wonders with an orchestra—the greatest conductor in the world today.

and there are several cases on record where arrests have been made only because of the nickname of the offender being indexed.

A factory was robbed and the crook could not resist leaving his name: "The Spider strikes again!" His note was the only clue. "Who is The Spider?" the investigating detective asked the M.O.—and the records supplied the answer, for he was known as The Spider and had been caught before. Such was the ego of the criminal that he ripped himself up.

They swooped on him at three o'clock in the morning and hauled him from his bed. About that hour a man's vitality and resistance are at their lowest ebb, so that detectives have a margin: "Catch 'em on the roost."

Occupations have also solved crimes. To assume a certain trade or profession is the stock-in-trade of many criminals. One will always state he is an army officer, another that he is a sea captain, others that they are doctors, and

so on, and when a detective learns that a crime-doer stated he was of a certain profession he looks up the occupation cards to see what offenders operate in such a manner. The suspects are reduced to a few and from then on the investigation is usually easy.

Tattoos, scars, deformities, and peculiarities of walking or speaking are recorded in the card indexes. Often the victim notices some peculiarity about the offender and the indexes point to a limited number of suspects.

An outstanding example was when a man committed rape. The only description the girl could give was his approximate age and the certain design tattooed on him. A search of the peculiar-appearance cards revealed one man who had such a tattoo and it was proved he had committed the crime. He went to goal.

On another occasion a man reached into a train and snatched a woman's handbag. She did not see his face but she noticed a pecu-

liar design tattooed on his wrist. The tattoo was recorded at the Modes Operandi section and he was arrested and convicted.

The classified records of lost or stolen articles greatly assist investigation. There are instances where jewellery and other possessions have been recovered from thieves, identified from the records and returned to their owner who years ago had given up hope of seeing them again.

Photographs of known offenders are filed in different groups, those who specialize in burglaries in one group, confidence men in another, those who assault and rob in another and so on.

By this means the various crooks who specialize in a certain crime are tabbed. The police can show the victim the group of photos of the criminals who concentrate on the particular modes operandi by which he was wronged or robbed.

Other things are filed there too. One man carried out a whole series of tobacco robberies and all detectives could find was the tip of his

jenny, broken off when he was jostling his way into one place. Sometime later a burglar was caught in a factory and he was found to have a jenny with the tip broken off. The tip kept at the M.O. was proved to belong to his jenny and connected him with the tobacco robberies. Not only did it fit but it was scientifically proved to be the same steel.

The Police Departments of the various states of Australia exchange information concerning criminals and suspects. All this information is filed at the various Modes Operandi sections. And the heads of each M.O. meet regularly to improve the system.

The Modes Operandi section has been truly described as the greatest source of information available to detectives in their pursuit of the criminal. The way in which the information is so simply classified is amazing and the efficiency of this specialized branch is another example of what the law-breaker is up against when he embarks on a career of crime.





## THE SELECTION ON



Land-dammying squatters pulled a fast one with a mobile homestead.

OLD DAN is much the type you'll strike anywhere around the bush, with a better swing of years than most, because it seems as if the sod suits them better in the far west, the slow old Darling being a kind of border between the modern world and the old days.

"Did I never tell you," Old Dan says, slipping a wink, "of the Selection on Wheels? Richest thing ever put over the gov'ment, I reckon . . ."

When Old Dan laughs you hear a queer, harsh rattle that begins away back in his throat, bubbling up till he seems to be fighting for breath. His small glittering eyes roll, heavy lids half-closing; but suddenly you find he has been watching you, sleep as a gale.

"No, I never heard that one," says the Schoolmaster, squatting bushman style beneath a bag-belted river gun. "What six selection was that?" he says.

"No, it's as true as God made little mugs," Dan says. "Course,

you got to go back a long way. To the times when three parts of the country were dammying for the rest that'd got the land . . ."

"Dammying, was it?" the Schoolmaster says. "Now I can tell you a few things about that game . . ."

"I'm telling you about the Selection on Wheels," Old Dan says tartly, determined not to lose his option on the talk. He knows his mate's passion for facts, statistics, endless historical detail, which presumably accounts for his name, and it is dreadful if the lean and desiccated old Darling whaler has ever attended anything but a two-up school.

"What sort of wheels?" asks the Schoolmaster, nettled.

"Plain ordinary wheels. The squatters fixed them on to a two-roomed shack. Then, whenever they want to shift it they bring out a bullock team, and away they go. But stop interrupting. I'm telling you . . ."

Then Old Dan starts to tell

what you probably know as well as the Schoolmaster keeps saying he does, about Sir John Robertson's Free Selection Bill of 1861, about how it was designed to break the land monopoly of the handful of squatters, throwing the back country open to the small selector. Well, it didn't work out that way, for the Big Fellow found other means of holding on to the land. He put up his own men to buy the selections, sometimes paying his dammites for their trouble, sometimes letting them stay there for a time, running the place in his interest.

It was a group of such squatters which thought up the simple, fool-proof scheme of the Selection on Wheels.

"You see," old Dan says, "the trouble was this: having your dammites buy up the land for you wasn't enough. The Act says you've got to put in improvements, or some other cove'll come along and take it off you. What's more, the selector's got to be a bona fide resident, and that means you've got to build a shack to live in."

"That's where the wheels come into it, see?" This lot of squatters has about a score of dammites standing in for them. They don't want the expense of building 20 shacks, so whenever they hear the gov'ment inspector's on his rounds they bring out the dinkum-looking shack on wheels . . .

The Schoolmaster begins again, doggedly: "Lot of coves did well out of dammying. I was a drag not to have it on myself. Could've, y' know. Well, it weren't honest exactly . . ."

"You'd reckon the gov'ment in-

spector'd cotton on to it," Dan says, "wouldn't you?"

"Some coves got away with murder," says the Schoolmaster. "Look at Smokey Joe, just across the Darling: Some cove puts him on a selection, runs up improvements—fencing, a tidy little homestead. After three years the squatter comes along and says, 'Rights,' he says, 'you done a good job, Jack. You can pack up now.' 'Not on your life,' says Jack, 'I'm doing all right. Shift me if you can.' Ghost, he's still there . . ."

"The Selection on Wheels didn't work out that way," says Dan, fighting back. "Big coves were too shrewd. But they were blinsky near rubbished once. If you'd stop interrupting . . ."

Old Dan tells us everything, excepting the right names of the people concerned and exactly where it happened, because he reckons there's no point opening up old scores.

"The coves that dare it are mostly game now," he says, "and the families they left are decent folk, working their land as honest as anyone. I don't hold with this notion that coves have got to pay for the sins of their fathers, nor when they don't know there's been anything out of place. Besides, if the gov'ment inspector's no much of a blooming goat to wake up . . ."

About once a year the inspector went round the selections to see everything was according to the law, looking over the improvements, checking up on whether the right man was living there. But the squatters had the whip hand, for there weren't many

pals and they always invited the inspector to put up at the home-stead. They even offered a walky or horse to do his rounds, primed him up with plenty of tucker, brought out their scotch or rum. So maybe he didn't look too closely at the selections.

His host would say: "How'd you get on yesterday?"

"Fine," the inspector would say, wrapping himself round his steak and eggs. "Went out to Tom Brown's place" (Brown, of course, being one of the squatter's dummies) "and he showed me over the selection. He's got a decent style of shack. I'll go over to the White's selection today."

The squatter would pass the word on to Jacky, the aboriginal bullocky, who would take his team to Brown's place, put the wheels on the shack, and away to the Whites'. When the inspector arrived he would find exactly the same shack standing in the centre of the Whites' paddock, with the same kerosene-tin bucket outside, the same black billy and frying pan, the same bucket of ashes in the fireplace.

The inspector would turn up at a third selection. But Jacky and his bullocks would be there first, and everything in order: the shack, bucket, billy and frying pan, ashes in the fireplace.

"Well, you wouldn't credit it," old Dan says, rolling his small glittering eyes, "but the gov'ment inspector swallows it all, lock, stock and blanky barrel . . ."

"I've known some dummies put over roughies," the Schoolmaster says, but old Dan is too quick for him.

"But the richest thing of all's this," he says. "One day a surveyor comes through and he strikes a section at the foot of a fertile ridge that looks pretty good. It's got a creek running through it, and water's sweeter than rum."

"That'll do us," he says, and he puts in to the gov'ment for the selection.

"When they get word of it half the district's after this selection, for there's no other permanent water for 50 miles. There's that many applicants for the block—all of 'em swearing blind they were first on to it, putting up the most wonderful yams, growing palms and purjuring their souls—that the gov'ment finds itself peep-erly boxed."

"Well, the shrewdest of all's the owners of the shack on wheels and bullock team . . . and, of course, their dummies. For a long time they look like getting it. Just to make sure they plant the shack then, kerosene-tin bucket, black billy and frying pan, bucket of ashes in the fireplace, an' all . . ."

"And they get away with it, don't tell us," interrupts the Schoolmaster.

"That's where you're wrong," Dan says. "After a lot of arguing the nose, the surveyor gets the selection. He reckons he's on to something even better than he bargained for, seeing that, when he moves in, there's a shack already built for him, sprung up by magic."

"You're not going to tell me," I say, "they let the surveyor get away with it?"

"Well, they did and they did not." The queer harsh rattle in Dan's throat begins again. "The

dummy tries to get back the shack, but the new cove's not having any. He settles in, then starts furnishing. He buys a new billy and frying pan, and a new bucket instead of the old kerosene tin . . . and the owners and dummies and Jacky the bullocky are all standing off, wondering what in hades they are going to do. They waited all winter, sweating on the surveyor to shift camp."

"Then the summer comes. He's got a swag of work around the district, and away he goes, carrying his theodolite. When he comes back for the weekend the shack's gone. He has to camp that night in the open. . . ."

"I know what I'd have done," begins the Schoolmaster.

"Oh, no, you don't," old Dan corrects him. "Because there

wasn't anything to be done. A few weeks later the surveyor drives past a new selection 20 miles off. Same cove's put in a dummy, of course . . . and what does he see? Stone it, there's his own shack. There's a bucket, and a billy and a frying pan outside it. And not the old blackened ones, neither."

"I'd soon have fixed him," says the Schoolmaster.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," old Dan corrects him. "You see, the dummy's a big powerful cove, with fists on him like a bullock's knucklebones. The surveyor just straggs his shoulders and drives straight, and that's the end of it. It's only a few years since Jacky passed in the marble. I don't know what they did with the old shack, and the wheels, but the gov'ment never cottoned on to it to this day . . ."



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

# age—THE ATHLETE'S ENEMY



Some stars deny the rule that the peak athletic years are 27 to 29.

"I'M finished. Now I'll leave it to the younger fellows."

So spoke Joe Hall, ex-featherweight champion of Australia, following his defeat by Ashenden a few months ago. Hall had returned to the boxing business after a break of four years and for a time had looked as though he would best the axiom: "They don't come back."

He had half a dozen victories over competent opponents, and the experts were predicting a match with the present champion.

Much of his success was due to his handler's tight rein over his out-of-the-ring activities, and it was a revolt against this necessary discipline, as much as his years, that brought about Hall's downfall. His words: "Now I'll leave it to the younger fellows" neatly indicated his lack of enthusiasm for the monotony of training.

So Joe Hall joined the scores of ringmen who, seeking to retire an axiom, served only to prove its infallibility. At 31 he was "through." Which brings us to the

point: *What is an athlete's best age?*

In *The Most Proficient Years at Sports and Games* Professor Harvey Lehman, of Ohio University, says that the athlete, generally, is at his best between 27 and 29 years of age, inclusive. The professor arrived at this conclusion from studying the careers of 10,000 athletes and checking up their records to discover when they were at their peak.

A boxer's best years, he found, varied according to weight. Bantams reached their peak at 26.83 years of age and heavies at 29.29. Therefore, Australian Mickey Francis at 25 is presumably at his top; and Dave Sanda, middle and lightweight title holder and conqueror of Jack Johnson can look forward, at 21, to a few more years' success.

Let's look at some of the top heavyweights of this century.

Jack Johnson won the world's crown at 30, lost it at 35; Willard, 32—36; Dempsey, 26—31; Tunney 28—30 (retired); Joe

Lewis won the title at 24 and at 33 is so far ahead of the opposition that the rest don't matter.

Omitting Lewis and taking a line through the others, the average age of the worthwhile champions has been 28.5 at the time of taking the championship, 32.5 at the time of losing it, so that the "success span" is four years.

The classic exception was, of course, Bob Fitzsimmons who conquered Corbett for the belt at 35, held it for only two years, but continued to fight until he hit the 52 mark. He fought 40 times for but seven losses—an achievement which goes into the books as a record for long-longevity under Queensberry rules.

Among the personalities in other fields of sport is Bill Tilden. In spite of Professor Lehman's contention that tennis players are at their best between 25 and 27 and have a span of 5.25 years, Tilden has been winning since 1909. In that year he won his first Wimbledon singles championship and, after successfully defending it in 1921, popped up again in the 1930 tournament. His 11-year Davis Cup record shows that he won 34 matches and lost only seven. At 53 Tilden is still holding his end up in big-time pen, tennis—and, more important from his angle, remains so great a drowsard that he can expect to earn perhaps \$15,600 this year.

Cricket has not received the attention of the American professor, but on the point of sports-longevity I recall a story concerning the evergreen Wilfred Rhodes.

In 1921 the English selectors picked Rhodes for only one of the

five tests and it appeared he had finished with first-class cricket. Five years later—and 26 years after his first appearance in a test against Australia—he was asked if he would play if selected. He replied:

"Ee, but I'm 48!"

But, the selectors replied, he could still bring his arm over, couldn't he? To which the wily Rhodes answered:

"Aye—and arm isn't all the needs to bowl with"—and tipped his head significantly.

Wilfred Rhodes went into the test team and used his arm and head as effectively that his six wickets for 78 was an important factor in England's regaining the Ashes. In a career which extended from 1890 to 1930 his batting average for 1517 innings in first class matches was 30.8; and bowling the astronomical total of 184,289 balls he took 4,184 wickets at a cost of 16.7 runs each.

Concerning golf Lehman found that among the pros, the most efficient age for American and English players was between 25 and 27, with a peak span of 5.25 years.

Betty Jones, generally conceded the greatest golfer of all time, made his "grand slam" when he was 28. Winning the British Amateur, British Open, U.S. Open and U.S. Amateur, he established a record which climaxed a career which began when he was nine, when he won the junior championship of Atlanta. At 14 he took the Georgia State title and at 21 the U.S. Open.

Both Tommy Armour and Walter Hagen, who remained successfully in the game for a longer

ON MINDING MY NEPHEW  
(O Pendoe, Will You Pass the Axe)

Today, for a change, don't we just sit and talk?  
Or swap some idle chatter?  
Or do you plan, as usual,  
The walls with my blood to spotter?  
Please, please, put down that pretty rose—  
It's built to handle grimmings,  
Is maker never thought that it  
Would crush an underling's consuming.  
And please replace that jagged knife  
With which my chair you're tooling—  
Can't you see your stout old ink  
Is very close to drooling?  
I know it's true your harmless pranks  
Bring parents' proud approval;  
But take it from me, young fellow-me-lod,  
I'll ensure your smart removal.  
You look at me for hand claps,  
But I am growing weaker,  
And the only clap you'll get from me  
Is this—on your posterior!

—W.S.D.

period than most golfers, maintained that a golfer lasted only as long as his feet. For this reason Armour's wardrobe included 20 pairs of shoes and Hagen's almost as many. Given good feet, they say, a golfer can have bad eyesight, stomach ulcers and practically any other complaint that isn't muscular—and still be among the best.

Best ages for jockeys are not mentioned by the professor and I referred the subject to a well-known sporting editor. He said:

"While it's difficult to assess the age at which a jockey is most successful, I'd name it at about two years after he emerges from his apprenticeship. Then he is young enough not to fear sticking to the rails and experienced enough to take quick advantage of an opening.

"I think that all other things equal, the outstanding jockey is the one who has 'nerve'—who is prepared to take a risk at a critical stage. Naturally, advancing age makes a rider more cautious. So does a serious fall—and falls come to jockeys of any age.

"On the point of age—Bobby Lewis was still a good rider in his 50's, but near the end of his great career Bobby wasn't taking as many risks as he did when he was younger.

"The oldest jockey now riding, I think, is 61-year-old Rowe, who has ridden hundreds of winners in the Western districts of N.S.W. and periodically has a ride in Sydney.

Wrestling is another sport that didn't make the grade with the professor—possibly because the position would confuse Einstein.

Wrestler's ages range from 25 to 60, and seeking a reason for such longevity I asked ace referee Harold Norman. His comment:

"Because boxers and wrestlers perform in the same ring, people often point to them as a contrast in staying power. That's an unfair comparison. The boxer is called on to take blows to the head—and for every one he gets in a bout he takes 20 in the gymnasium. The constant jarring affects the brain and it is the boxer's mental state that brings about his early retirement. Tod Morgan fought until he was 40, but attributed this to limited sparring.

"The wrestler, on the other hand, receives no head-blows and his body is trained to withstand a good deal of physical punishment. He knows how to fall—although, mind you, wrestlers do get hurt. But that's the secret: the wrestler's brain is not affected by his ringwork. The boxer's is."

In most fields of sport the accepted theory is that the first manifestations of age are in the legs.

A member of the New York coroner's staff, however, says:

"In performing more than 4,500 autopsies, I have never found a body beyond the age of 30 years which did not show a deterioration in the lungs. It is this, I am sure, which explains why athletes begin to slow up after they reach 30.

"Their lungs do not function as they did in their youth. Therefore, after muscular effort which calls for high rates of speed they cannot get the full amount of oxygen they need, and it is this which causes them to slow down in their pace—not faltering leg muscles.

"When athletes have amazing lungs, they carry on as champions not merely until they are 30 but, in some cases, until they are beyond 40, thus disproving the theory that legs fail an athlete after 30."

So that's that! And who am I, or even Joe Hall, to dispute the findings of a man who has performed more than 4,500 autopsies?



# Tar and Feathers FOR A CON MAN



Vigilantes rode him out of town.  
Not America—it was in *Mildura*.

"GRANT HERVEY?" a Murray fruitgrower said to me. "My oath I remember him. Wasn't I pulled on to the committee that had him tarred and feathered?"

Styling themselves a vigilance committee, some 50 men, all respectable citizens of *Mildura*, had decided to run Hervey out of town. For his own protection police were to smuggle him away by car, so the vigilantes met one night secretly and made their plans to haul up the police car, seize their man and pack him off to Melbourne with a suit of tar and a warm feather overcoat to remember them by.

Several of the committee felt the operation too extreme. "We don't want a brawl with police," one said. Another: "Don't forget, they'll have guns."

"What's your worry," said one of the ringleaders. "We'll be armed too."

The man who was telling me, recently, decided his best policy was to be away on business that night. As it happened, there was no gunplay. The police were too easily outnumbered. This, however, was not America and vigilantes were felt to be too violent a force altogether. Soon after, 15 ringleaders appeared in Ballarat Supreme Court, charged with conspiracy and assault. They were lucky to escape with a £25 fine each. Grant Hervey was lucky to escape at all.

A colorful character, this Hervey. Talented, ambitious, with persuasive looks and tongue, he could have been successful in many spheres: authorship, journalism, politics, business. Instead he wasted himself in a swashbuckling career. This brush with the *Mildura* vigilantes in 1923 was by no means his first setback. Then aged 40, he had already some 15 years' acquaintance with the law, most

of it not from the witness-box side of the court.

His debut was made in November, 1905, when he was arrested for shooting with intent to kill. The target for that night was his lady friend's husband when Hervey had chased up Bourke Street, Melbourne, with a revolver.

It happened that the husband, one of Bland Holt's leading actors, had been going home from the theatre just as his wife, on the arm of our man, was strolling along Bourke-street. The actors hopped off the train, confronted the pair outside the White Hart Hotel, just across Exhibition-street.

"Who the devil are you?" he demanded.

"I'm Grant Hervey," replied our cavalier who soon after was to be described by a Sydney paper as one who "strips like an Apollo and Hercules combined."

The actor was a big fellow, too. Well trained in 19th century melodrama, he said: "What are you doing with my wife?" then hauled off and struck Hervey's jaw exactly as an outraged husband should.

Next moment he was racing up Bourke-street with Hervey cuning at a revolver that had jammed. The only shot fired hit the White Hart Hotel but, as the "Bulletin" reported, "the public house was not much damaged."

Graver damage was done to the reputations of all three concerned. One paper, with small regard for impartiality or libel risks, gave their private affairs an excessively public airing. Its alternative headline on court proceedings ran:

## A WILD WHEELRIGHT

Blows A Bullet After Actor

Hervey's real name was discovered to be George Madison Cochrane, his pronounced "promiscuous ink-slinging," though he had started life on a rouseabout as a Costerton coach-building firm, in the wheelwright section.

Public feeling ran high. When the actor made his entrance next night in "The Betting Book," stalls, circle and gallery held up the show to cheer the victim of a real-life melodrama. It was construed as the public's reply to the cynical paper which had written: "Baker is accustomed to looking down the black barrel of a 'barker'—on the stage—but the sight of the 'wapping' in real life caused his valor to vanish." He was alleged to have sheltered from Hervey's gun behind his wife.

Hervey's trial attracted a full house. Baker had been reluctant to prosecute but Hervey forced it by declaring when arrested: "I wanted to wipe the wester out. I'm bent for trying to rid the world of a skunk."

The tamely-swallowed verdict shocked Hervey's new public. He was acquitted. Capitalising on his new notoriety Hervey returned to journalism in Perth and Sydney. He published a volume of verse. There is irony in one of these, written in resort to one of Hervey Lawson's more deftly rhymed:

It's the Man You'll Be that matters, though you tramp around in tatters.

But the road to fame and fortune isn't paved with grief and beer . . .

Paradoxically Lawson, dream-

**COLOR** is important for children, says America's National Education Association, which is carrying out a two-year survey of elementary schools. Dull walls put children to sleep. Blue walls are unsatisfactory, for blue is a "cold" color. Blackboards are on the way out, too, being replaced by soft white or gray boards of glass or plastic on which children will write with colored chalk. Not only will the new boards be colorful, they will reduce eye strain.

ing of "the man he might have been," was to achieve James Grant Hervey, hunting on the man he was going to be, came to nothing. For a while he remained a familiar and witty figure in the literary world but one by one his friends dropped him. It was not so much because of the fact that he kept going to goal as the things he went so goal for. The poet who began a fiery rebel became a man with a grudge against society.

In 1932, the year before he died, he wrote a novel, "An Eden Of The Good," published in London, showed considerable talent, but more interesting to us today is his preface, and the dedication signed "Number Twenty-One, Bushmire Præm."

"This book of mine," he wrote modestly in the preface, "is a book of profound significance for the entire world. . . . One in every five years I quit my labors and I go down to prison, as an ordinary convict, for no less a period than

two whole years, in order to see for myself, at close range, in short, how the spiritual, moral and intellectual resurrection of Australia proceeds. . . . I habitually shock the right-thinking philanthropoid apes of Australia by going back to goal with a quiet smile and a confident heart, instead of becoming a churchwarden, a Justice of the Peace, and—final height of the local ambition—a Member of Parliament. I am told, occasionally, that I will end upon the gallows, if I persist in defying convention this way."

It would be uncharitable to suggest that this research might have been not altogether voluntary. Actually he was a successful man, for he avoided goal as often as he achieved it.

For instance, the scheme that took him to Mildura in 1929. Some £30,000 had just been voted to C. J. de Garis who had promised to boost the Murray Valley dried fruit industry. De Garis had attracted world attention with the biggest advertising campaign ever staged in Australia.

Then one day an American millionaire arrived on the scene. With a confident drawl he praised Mildura even greater prosperity. He told them they needed a new state, with Mildura as capital. He offered his services, promised to intercede with the Federal and British Governments. All he wanted was twice the salary of de Garis—£4,000 a year. The American millionaire's name was Hervey G. Madison.

De Garis made a few inquiries about Mr. Madison, who unwisely tried to discredit him in a pub-

lic speech. At question-time Hervey G. Madison had a therapy question fired at him:

"Could Mr. Madison tell us where he has been for the past 18 months? And what name did he go by at the time?"

Hervey G. Madison could not answer. He did the next best thing. He left town next day. But within a year he was back again, this time under his own name. He let it be known that a state of war existed between him and de Garis, who by that time was failing in his publicity scheme. Hervey started a rival newspaper to the "Sunraysia Daily," founded by de Garis.

When de Garis founded a large-scale fruit colony in Western Australia, Hervey saw his chance to discredit his rival once and for all. Big money was involved in the Kenderup scheme, so Hervey slipped down to Melbourne, spent the late hours of one night plastering walls and lamp-posts with printed slogans: "Great Smack. Kenderup

Reinard. G. J. de Garis Bank-rapt."

The effect was even more devastating than Hervey could have imagined. Public confidence in Kenderup ebbed away. Not long after, de Garis did go bankrupt, eventually committing suicide. His first angry reaction was to offer £1,000 reward for information as to who had slandered him.

It was typical of Grant Hervey that he should have admitted it right away. He claimed the £1,000 reward. But Mildura had by that time had enough of him. The vigilante committee came into being, bought a small quantity of tar and a bag or two of feathers. Their testamental stuck to him—hard.

Even so Hervey's misadventure did not tell him.

He wrote next day to the proprietors of a well-known brand of soap. He offered to write a testimonial, for a large fee, that theirs was the only soap which would remove tar and feathers.





## The LONELIEST MAN in Botany Bay

HE was a man in a prison of pain—the pain of loneliness and a pain that jagged his body.

He had no intimate whose comradeship would banish loneliness, he was worried about his financial affairs, and he did not know even of his wife still lived.

He wrote privately to his friend Evan Nepean at Whitehall:

"Dear Nepean,

"In a private letter to Lord Sydney I have expressed a wish to have leave to return to England, a request I should not have made at this moment but that the inconveniences under which the colony now labors will be done away long before my letters can reach England, and more than a year must pass before I can have any answer.

"Mrs. Phillip was supposed to be dying before I left England, and whoever the cause goes to some steps should be taken to secure the payment of two annuities for which I gave security, and for which it is possible no pro-

vision will be made. I should have no objection to remain here . . .

"You may mention to Lord Sydney if you think it necessary, and whatever he determines I should think best; but to come to England for a twelve month is what I wish, for many reasons.

"You will say that my letters are short, but I have few moments for private letters . . ."

He laid down his quill and walked to the window, looking down the Tank Stream and Sydney Cove. It was April 15, 1790.

He pressed his hand to his side. The pain scarcely ever left him now. Often the officers wondered why he was silent at their social gatherings.

He had been doing this job for three and a half years now and it was more than two years since he had landed at Botany Bay as Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief and Governor-in-Chief in and over the half-a-continent called New South Wales.

Captain Arthur Phillip, R.N.,

had found one of his worst disappointments the stiff-necked pride of the military—and found a treacherous enemy where he least expected, in the C.O.—the military, petty, lying, malignant Major Ross.

While he was still living in his canvas house—it had cost £130 but it let in wind and rain on him—before he built a dwelling, the gentlemen of the Marine Corps refused even to say an occasional word of encouragement to diligent convicts and, without going out of their way, point out for punishment convicts they saw idling in the bush. They told the governor they were not sent out to do more than the duty of garrison soldiers—they were not guards.

They also grumbled that sitting as members of the criminal court was a hardship, though their duties were easy, and that they were not paid for it.

This man, with the lonely eyes of a sailor and the lonely heart of an exile, six months after landing had written to his patron, Lord Sydney, Home Secretary in the younger Pitt's government:

"And your Lordship may be assured that anxious to render a very essential service to my country, by the establishment of a colony which from its situation must hereafter be a valuable acquisition to Great Britain, no perseverance will be wanting on my part, which consideration alone could make amends for the being surrounded by the most infamous of mankind; it is to your Lordship and to Nepean only that I make a declaration of this kind."

On that April day in 1790

Arthur Phillip could at least reflect that he had rid himself of the worst of the stiff-necked military. A month ago he had sent to Norfolk Island Major Robert Ross, Lieutenant-Governor and commandant of the marine detachment.

Ross, who should have been the Governor's right-hand, had been sabotaging Phillip, undermining his authority, had led to him, had incited the Marine officers to discontent and non-co-operation.

Phillip, as he stood lonely by the window, could look back bitterly on the disastrous affair of the five arrested officers.

This affair happened not two months after the First Fleet landed, and it arose from a trivial quarrel over a woman.

The First Fleeters were divided in cliques. Convicts' women and soldiers' women were by taboo forbidden to associate with sailors, women who arrived in one ship were not allowed to know men who arrived in another ship.

Private Bill Dempsey was walking to the cookhouse to bail a pet when a wench named Jane Fitzgerald accused him with an "How do you do?" Dempsey was replying that he was well when up came Private Joe Hart and hit him on the shoulder with a stick, saying that Bill had no right to speak to a woman from his ship. Dempsey took a peevish view of this, whereupon Joe threw two quick punches at Bill's head.

Hart was tried by battalion court-martial for striking Dempsey.

The trial didn't take long and the court thought it would meet

#### GENIUSES ARE OKAY IF THEY'RE STRANGERS

In tributes to genius please include me out,  
For genius I can do well without,  
For genius, they say, is ten per cent. inspiration  
The rest a mostly perspiration  
Which explains, I presume, why ponderous Thinkers  
Are usually errant, unnecessary strainers  
What's their trick? Who'd build our aeroplanes  
If it weren't for the men with the U.S. brains?  
There'd be no gas box for lovers to sit on?  
There'd be no rods for King to trumpet on?  
How'd criminals feel with no one to pet 'em?  
Who'd know of Bikini if it weren't for the atom?  
We'd have no engines with quick moving pistons,  
And plumbers would starve sees our leaking cisterns  
All this I'll concede, and pay full dues—  
But, brother, no genius don't bid his enthusiasm  
My thoughts concerning the genius, genius,  
Are frankly and aggressively cautious  
For genius I truly have no sense,  
For geniuses don't lend, but merely borrow!

the case to order Hunt to publicly ask Dempsey's pardon in front of the battalion, or take one hundred lashes.

But these they were very wrong indeed.

Major Ross promptly ordered them to reconsider, but on deliberation they saw no reason to rescind the sentence.

The same day they received a letter from the adjutant that the C.O. had directed them to convene again and pass sentence without the choice of two sentences, which Ross said was not consistent with military law.

At 4 p.m. the officers replied quoting an article of law that "no sentence given by any court-martial is liable to be revised more than once."

Back came another letter in which Ross argued that as they had

wrongly passed two sentences, consequently they would not be revising sentence, because it was no sentence. And he ordered them to finish the court-martial at once.

At 7 p.m. the stubborn officers wrote that they still considered it would be improper to reconsider matters they had already revised.

The first Philip heard of it was next day, when Major Ross told him he had put all five officers under arrest for disobeying orders.

Philip did everything in his power but both obstinate parties declined to have it smoothed over and both howled for a general court-martial.

Ross complained that the sentence was subversive of all military discipline. The officers said they had been treated so ignominiously that their C.O. must publicly amend their characters, or

they wanted a general court-martial.

There were only 13 other officers available so that assembling a G.C.M. would have left no officer for duty. Philip therefore refused to allow the urgent work of the new colony to be interrupted and ordered the five officers to return to duty. He told them that when a G.C.M. could be assembled they could have it, if they still wished.

Any untended charge lapsed after three years. Three years later the five officers asked the governor to release them from technical arrest. They wrote to him as soldiers "indignant at their unique situation"—members of a court-martial under arrest on a charge that, if proved, would bring dishonor, even forfeit life and honor, but doing duty while prisoners for three years.

The office was smartly pigeon-holed in England, but after learning of it the authorities decided to recall the matches as soon as possible and replace them with the N.S.W. Corps...

The sick and lonely man turned from the window on that April day in 1790. His face was oval and pale—the face of a nervous, sensitive man.

He had the look of an idealist, and indeed he was a patriotic imperialist with advanced ideas beyond his time. He had some vision of the land he was founding, and before he sailed had told the British Government: "I would not wish convicts to lay the foundations of an Empire," and, "there can be no slavery in a free land, and consequently no slaves."

He achieved the foundation of a nation in spite of official ineptitude and neglect, in spite of Ross's white-washing, but he had no confidence to make his task easier.

He might have learned on young Philip Gidley King, who was his friend and had sailed with him when he commanded the 64-gun ship *Areopago*, but he had sent King to command Norfolk Island for two years and now recalled him to get rid of Ross. Now he sent King home to England to tell officials how badly it was blemishing the colony.

And his next-best friend, his Naval second in command, Captain John Hunter, was at this time marooned on Norfolk Island where he had wrecked his ship *Strive*.

At least he could depend on the straight-dealing and loyalty of 34-years-old Captain David Collins, who was Deputy Judge-Advocate—administering the colony's whole legal machinery—at £3 10s a week and secretary to the governor at 35s a week.

It was to Robert Ross, as Lieutenant governor and military commandant, that Philip naturally expected to look for support. But Ross was a warped malcontent and after the case of Mary Turner, Philip would have liked to court-martial him but was unable to order a legal inquiry on any officer's conduct. Next best thing, he banished Ross to Norfolk Island, that exile for the exiled and prison within a prison.

The case of Mary Turner sprung from the stiff-necked officer-pride of Captain James Campbell.



**D**URING his term as Governor of New York, the late Franklin Roosevelt arrived at his office with a friend. As he passed through the anteroom where callers were waiting, he passed and told an ancient joke. In the outer office, the friend said, "That was a heavy chestnut you pulled on them." "I know it," laughed Roosevelt. "I wanted to find out how many of my callers wanted to ask for one. The ones who laughed wanted something."

the governor, Phillip told Campbell had better put it in writing.

Back came Ross with Campbell's letter, and furthermore told the governor that he knew no article of war to compel officers to do criminal court duty. He knew this was a lie because the duty was prescribed by an Act of Parliament, read publicly soon after the arrival at Sydney Cove.

But troublemaker Ross saw a chance to make trouble for Phillip and called his officers together. He tried to influence them to refuse this duty and to back up Campbell; and though someone reminded him of the Act he insisted that the governor's conduct was "highly oppressive" in obliging officers to sit on the criminal court.

Campbell was rostered for court duty and did it, but Ross kept telling the governor that the officers were of the opinion that they were not obliged to do this duty. Phillip exposed this lie by commanding Ross to question all the officers individually, and all of them told Ross that they well knew it was their duty.

Five senior officers were quizzed about the meeting and what Ross had said about the governor being oppressive. Ross wanted to know what they had been told, but they replied he had better ask the governor. The scoundrel Ross showed his color; he never again mentioned the business to Phillip.

Phillip hung on for two years and eight months longer. They asked him to remain at his post. In one of his requests to be relieved he wrote that for more than two years now he had seldom been free from the pain in his

side, which at times made it impossible to attend to duty.

At last he got word that he could go home, but it was not clear whether this was permission enough or whether he should await a formal instruction. Wanting to keep his slate clean, he decided to wait.

But two months later, unable to bear the pain longer, he boarded a ship hoping to regain his health.

In England they put him on Navy half-pay and gave him a pension of £500 a year for his meritorious service. He went to Bath,

where the 18th century sailing sought health. Three years later he was well enough to return to duty—two years at sea, then shore jobs, such as inspector of powder-gangs, that unsavory recruiting system.

In 1810 he was so ill they could not tell him he had been made Vice-Admiral of the Red.

Four years later he died at Bath, scoring two small paragraphs in the local newspapers. He had married a second time but was still childless—the death of a lonely man.

Mary Turner gave perjured evidence at the trial of six soldiers executed for robbing the public store. The criminal court ordered her detention by the provost-marshal and a month later Captain Campbell wanted to know why she was not in custody.

Judge-Advocate Collins wrote to him that he considered there was insufficient proof to convict her of perjury but if Captain Campbell wished she would be tried, if he suggested what charge and what evidence could be put forward.

Campbell chose to imagine this a "most insulting letter" and wrote stuffily to the Judge-Advocate: "You have effectually precluded Captain Campbell from sitting as a member of any criminal court . . . of which you are a part."

Campbell then chinned that Ross had no power to compel officers to sit as members of the criminal court and when Ross told



# Personally Speaking

MARY McARTHUR, nicknamed at birth **The Act of God baby** by her parents, actress Helen Hayes and playwright Charles MacArthur, had her first big acting part with her mother in J. M. Barrie's "Alice Sit by the Fire."

IDA KLINGENSTEIN, of New York, has translated 337 books into Braille. Her most arduous undertaking was "Gone With the Wind," which took up 31 volumes of Braille. Mrs. Klingenstein is 73 years old and began her voluntary work 15 years ago.

ARTHUR ROZINSKI, conductor of New York's Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, went on the air with a two-minute speech appealing for tolerance. Presiders of all denominations requested copies of his brief broadcast to use in their sermons.

MA SUTSON, Chinese-born, French-taught composer, heard the first performance of his violin concerto in F Major by the Shanghai Municipal Orchestra recently. The concerto is based on South China folk songs.

RUSSELL WRIGHT, leading American functional designer, had his American Modern drawings exhibited at the Everyday Art Gallery in Minneapolis. Nearly fourteen million pieces of Wright-designed china have been sold since it was first produced in 1939.

GERALD SANDERS, formerly of the R.A.F., backed by five Arabs, opened up an airline service in Trans-Jordan. Less exciting than fighting, but more useful, will be the freighting of fish from Akabab to Amman—from sea to frying pan in under two hours.

BETTY McDONALD, author of best seller "The Egg and I," which is being filmed, can't eat eggs—she's allergic to them.

JOHN WILLIAMSON, explorer and pioneer undersea photographer, is reopening his post office at Nukuu, in the Bahamas. This is the only undersea post office in the world.

LARRY HIGHTOWER, of Seattle, Washington, U.S., set out recently to push a wheelbarrow around the world—he estimates a 12-year trek.

Paddock Pastured — Hubert Photo





## P assing S entences

Talk is cheap—but not if you're buying radio time.

A man ought to have a day off once in a while, if only to see for himself how much time his wife spends on housework.

The surest way to get nothing done is to put 50 members on a committee.

A lot of men have been kept poor by pretending to be rich.

The real reason most women don't look well in slacks is because men's usually too much woman and hardly enough slack.

You may not like a beard at first, but it grows on you.

A woman uses her intelligence to find reasons to support her mistake.

A gossip gives you the benefit of the dirt.

A beauty contestant is a pretty girl waiting for her shape to come in.

When you're down and out, something always turns up—and it's usually the noses of your friends.

In standard liquid measure, two pints make one covert.

Bank: A place where you can borrow money, if you can present sufficient evidence that you don't need it.

How a minority, reaching a majority, seizing authority, loses a minority?

Peace is different from bread and butter. The more people want it, the more there is to go around.

A dizzy blonde says that there isn't a shortage of men—but there is a shortage of good men.

Life is just one continuous struggle to keep the money coming in—and our hair, teeth and vital organs from coming out.

A woman may take a second husband, but she never forgets her first—and she never lets her second forget him, either.

Among My Souvenirs—Rita Hayworth, Columbia Star.

# YOU LOSE, SISTER



"Only one time," he said, "but I can't be sure he just sat with folded arms."

HE was a small and tidy man. You could see that easily. His suit of grey tweed fitted him, as some suits seem to fit small men. But you would notice that his shoes were without polish and that his tie had been tied by an inexperienced hand.

He sat, arms folded, in the corner of a second-class compartment in a train. He was going from Sydney to Newcastle.

Pain from past memories seemed to have run rivulets down his cheeks. He looked, unseeing, through the window, hoping in a vague sort of way that a companion would come in to give him some company—to let him listen to

another man's talk. This small and tidy little man loved listening, because he himself had so much to tell.

It was a poor train as passenger trains, and the little man, with folded arms in the corner, was not disturbed when a porter dragged open the door.

"This ought to suit you, man," he said.

The porter put her case on the rack, took a tip, nodded his head to the little man in the corner with that knowledgeable wickedness which porters can convey. He slammed the door, touched his cap, and smiled the sneaky smile which only a porter with grey bristles

SILAS TEECE



upon his face and a dead look in his eyes could smile. The porter was old, ugly old.

"Just the two of us," the girl said.

"Yes," said the man. He looked at her as she opened her handbag and began powdering her face.

She was rather a large girl with a mass of blonde hair which fell about her shoulders. Her face powdered and her lips crimsoned, she combed her hair. The toilet completed she put her compact and lipstick and comb and mirror back into her bag, brushed her black skirt, and lit a cigarette.

"Care for a fog?" she asked.

"No thanks," said the man. "I don't smoke."

FICTION

She shrugged her heavy shoulders and looked at the man with mean eyes. Her appearance suggested that she had been drinking.

The train moved off and the man continued his contemplation through the window. The girl threw her cigarette on the floor, stamped it out, and lit another one. Her fingers with their long painted nails shook a little and she drew on the cigarette with nervous puffs. She opened a magazine and rapidly turned the pages. It was a safe assumption that when she reached the end she could not have told you what she had seen on any page.

"Want to look at this?" she said, throwing the magazine across to the man.

"Thanks all the same," he said, "but I read very little."

God, she thought, what in hell's name does he do? She was a little piqued, and a little interested. She had known men, scores of them, but none quite like the little man who sat with his arms folded looking idly at the rows of red-tiled cottages with their trim gardens as they flashed by.

The man's mood of contemplative quiet seemed to pass to her. She fell to wondering how she was going to like the job she was going to. In her 28 years she had been many things, most of all a barmaid, and she had no worries about satisfying the customers at the Newcastle hotel.

She smiled a little bitterly as she remembered the good job in the city hotel which an unskillful manipulation of the till had compelled her to leave. Her tips alone had brought her about £5 a week but

CERTAINLY a woman should tell her age, agrees Joan Fontaine declares. If a woman doesn't tell her age, people invariably take it and add about ten years to it. An actress, of course, has a tougher time in this regard. A non-actor woman can be 42 and people will say, "She's remarkably young for her age." But when an actress is 42, those same people remark, "Well, of course, you know she's just strong together with piano solos." But really, why worry? There'll come a time in every woman's life when she'll do a reverse sit. People will claim she's younger than she is. To which she'll proudly say, "Oh, no, I'm a good five years older than that, my dear!"

—From PHOTOPLAY, the world's best motion picture magazine

she had always been greedy about money, not caring a great deal how she acquired it.

And men were easy to separate from their cash.

She screwed her greenish eyes as she appraised her fellow traveller. She noted an air of some prosperity about him and wondered what activities he pursued. Why not ask him? Even if he didn't smoke and didn't read surely he could talk. The prospect of a train trip with no one to talk to appalled her.

"What line are you in, brother?"

He turned and turned towards her.

"Line?" he said.

"Yes. What do you do for a crust? What's your job?"

"Well, I haven't thought about one yet. I've just been discharged after six years in the army."

"What was it like? Did you go away?"

"Yes I went away."

He looked through the window again.

A slight flush came into the girl's cheeks and she was getting a little angry.

"Then tell me about it. Surely to God you saw some things you can talk about. How did you get on without any women?"

"We were mostly too busy to think about them."

"Well, you're not too busy now. What do you think about me?"

"You seem a very nice girl."

"Then you're wrong. I'm damn well not and never was."

"I only said you seemed a nice girl. You see, I don't know you."

"And if you did you'd wish to God you'd never met me. I'm bad and I like it."

He turned his gaze once more to the rushing outer suburbs, and did not answer.

She bit her lip and the birth of cunning showed itself on her coarsened features.

She took down her suitcase, unfastened it and removed a bottle of wine. She unscrewed the cork.

"Now be pally and have a little drink with me."

He gave a short laugh.

"Sorry to disappoint you again," he said, "but I don't drink."

She held the bottle by the neck and stared at him.

"You've got me beat." There was amusement in her voice.

"Would you mind telling me is there anything you do do?"

"Oh, I mostly just sit and think. But don't mind me. You go ahead and have a drink."

"Well, you might at least pour it for me."

He made no move. His arms folded across his chest, he just looked at her.

"It wouldn't be the first drink you've poured for yourself, would it?" he asked.

Perot, thought the man, and of a probable witness hard to suppress.

She looked fondly at the wine, and then at him.

"You know," she said, in a calm, deliberate voice. "You're about the wettest thing I've ever met. And that says a mouthful."

She sped the wine upon its journey, placed the bottle and glass on the floor and began smoking.

As the train drew into each station the man hoped that another traveller would enter the com-

partment. And the girl hoped that none would.

The birth of the low cunning was maturing as you could see. There was more green in the small eyes, more of a twisted thought about the sallow lips.

No man had ever treated her with such lofty disdain and this little fellow, arms folded, looking through the carriage window, was not going to get away with it. I'll fix him so, she thought, that he'll wonder what he's him.

She filled the tumbler and this time drank slowly, thoughtfully.

"Got the time?" she said. Her throat seemed cloyed, but he heard.

He tossed his head to the cabined back and laughed as a man does sometimes when he laughs at himself.

"No wonder," he said, "you call me a wet thing. I suppose I am. But I'm sorry once more—I don't carry a watch."

She laughed, too, a harsh, meaningless sound it was, such as a woman might laugh when her physical offer has been declined.



She drank some more and rose unsteadily to her feet. She made towards the man, who remained arms folded and immobile. A lurch of the train set her back on the seat and the wine she had held splashed on her white satin blouse as though blood had welled there.

"Don't you think you've had enough of that rubbish?" he said.

"Mind your own God-damn business. If you were half a man you wouldn't treat me like you've done." She was becoming hysterical.

"But what have I done?"

"And you ask me that! What have you done? Bloody nothing! What you've been doing all your life. You sit there with your arms across your narrow guts lookin' out of the window. You don't smoke, you don't read, you won't talk and you can't even tell a woman the lousy time."

She looked through the window.

"And you couldn't tell me where we are. Don't worry, I wouldn't even ask you. But I can tell you, you are going to do something before this hell of a trip is over."

He looked at her a moment.

"Take it easy kid," he said. "Nothing in life's worth worrying about too much. I've got my own small worries, but I don't see any point in crying about them. I've always thought that you must put a bit into life before you can expect to take anything out of it. What do you think?"

"For God's sake don't give me that pulpit stuff. You're just about the biggest bum of a man I ever met."

She swallowed a mouthful from

her glass and threw the remainder in his face.

Yet he did not move.

The look of cunning which had shewn its birth upon her faded face had now reached maturity.

"This is where I got you," she screamed. "This is where you'll pay for your stinking loins."

She moved her hair with frantic fingers, ripped off the buttons of her satin blouse, revealing chest and white bosom, hit her nose un-til blood flowed, and dragged one stocking to the ankle.

"Now, you'll see how you're going to pay. You dirty brute, taking advantage of a girl like this."

With a vicious tug she pulled the communication cord and the train came to a surprised halt.

The compartment where the little man sat hunched in his corner seemed suddenly to be filled with people, men in grease-stained overalls, men in railway uniforms.

"Look at me! See what he's done to me." She was sobbing now. "He filled me with wine and . . . look for yourselves. Look what the beast has tried to do."

The man rose to his feet for the first time since the journey began. He gave one swift look of pity at the girl.

"It seem to have done the impossible," he said.

He thrust his arms towards the guards and men in overalls. And they saw where hand should have been, stumps mourning their loss in black stockinettes.

"Just a reminder," he said, "that the Japs didn't seem to like me . . . Let her down as lightly as you can."



## Digger, take a wife

She wished he hadn't kissed her; now he knew the fire of her feeling.

☆ CEDRIC R. MENTIFLAY

AS the shadows grew longer and the heat went out of the sun old Billy plodded patiently southward. Jack Thurston let him choose his pace, for Jack had enough to think of in the cloud of problems, doubts and questions that would not let him alone.

Five years of war had pushed things out of balance, and there was no contentment left. Here he was, unharmed by anything the Itis, the Jerry or the Jap had thrown at him, perhaps fitter in body than he would have been had the nap not blown off civilization

—but he was prepared to admit he was not the same man as the one who had gone away.

There had been real joy in homecoming, in recognizing the twists of the track, the gauged lag by the billboard, the sun-dried timbers of horse and the leathery faces of men he'd known all his life—all these things bearing the imprint of the near-desert where Nature stalked like a sniper in cover. For a few days he had been happy riding out with the boys, stirring swamping reminiscences with Dad about Cairo and Palestine.



calmed him. Molly, the perfect bush housewife, had cold meat and pickles ready and a pile of fresh scones.

"Sorry, you'll have to take pot luck," said Molly. "The boys took the cattle to the railroad today."

Jack laughed easily—it was the talk of pot luck and the thought of womanless meals and the leather-like dumper which was the Old Man's specialty.

While he ate the talk was of food and weather and the little things that make up life in the outback.

Dimly he knew she, too, felt the strain that was between them and admired the way she steered the conversation into familiar channels. She kept her head down over her mending and more often than not as he glanced at her he saw only her golden crown.

Suddenly the question came. "I suppose you're going down for supplies and mail?" she said.

"No, Molly." His voice was oddly hard to control. "I've had this country. I'm getting out before it drives me crazy. Down to the city, and God knows where from there."

"Why, Jack?" She started to let fear, alarm and concern in her eyes. Then abruptly looked down and bent to pick up the pillow she was repairing. "But this is your home out here. What will your Dad say?"

"Oh, he understands. Nothing here to hold me, nothing excites anything any more." His lips were clumsy. Those eyes—a wild, unreasoning hope! "Don't you understand, girl? It's you—you—"

His arms were round her, press-

ing her close. At first her lips were cold, claiming nothing. It was as if he had to break through an invisible barrier to reach her. Then he felt the warmth and fire of her breathing against him as she steady dragging of rain on the roof rose to a roar above which could be heard the whine of wind in the gums.

Her hands made little fluttering movements against him. Her lips were cold again. He released her and saw that she was white and shaking, devoid of strength.

"Oh, Jack," she whispered. "I wish we hadn't done that. Now you know, and it'll be so much harder."

"Harder?" he was puzzled. "Why, we just—"

"Listen to me!" She almost shouted as the storm burst in fresh thunder against the single window. "I have to stay here—he asked me to. And Ted's people, they need my help. I couldn't leave this house he built for me—there's too much of us in it. Oh, I know it's crazy. I suppose it's the years—"

"But, do you love it so much?" He couldn't get the hang of this female foolishness.

"Love it?" Her voice was near hysteria. "I hate the place, every board and beam of it! I've tried to leave, but it's no use. Till death do us part" we said—but it's a prison, a prison!"

She collapsed in a fit of sobbing. Jack tried threats, curses, brute force to shake her out of it, but to no avail. At last he stood helplessly, torn with embarrassment, pity and chagrin. So this was what years of waiting could do to a woman. Suddenly he knew



Caught by the flood the raft wrenched loose. He clung to it, spent.

he had to get out of there—out of that room and house.

As he opened the door the wind tore it from his hands. He fought to close it, stepped backwards—and found himself knee-deep in water. The yard was a swirling torrent which threw up crazy cross-currents as it roared beneath the piles of the house and round the barn. Of course! All that rain in the valley, and the river was up!

He resented the door. Molly was still sitting there, her head in her hands. She looked up. "Oh," she said tremulously. "I thought you had gone."

"There's water in the yard, old girl," he replied. "I think I'd better stay."

"No! No!" Her eyes showed alarm. "It's happened before. It won't rise any higher. You can't stay! Leave me here and go on to

Beaconsburg. There'll be no danger. Only go, at once!"

He looked at the hopeless figure huddled in the chair, waiting only to be left alone with whatever impossible cross she was trying to bear. How crazy it was! There was no real barrier between them, nothing he could understand—and yet; he was outside again and splashing across the yard.

Old Billy lashed out like a stallion, rolling frightened eyes. She was wrong. Almost visibly the water was rising. He snatched Billy across the ramp and watched as he dashed off into the darkness. She might not want help, but she should have it.

The night was fearful with shorting rain and vague impressions of eddies swirling and boiling around the buildings. Jack kept vigil in the barn doorway. Soon heavy things



were coming down with the flood, barring solidly against the trembling walls. They were small logs and pieces of cordwood, big enough in this current to knock out the piling and wreck the house.

In an hour the yard was water-deep. She needed him now! Helped by the current which flowed straight from the barn to the house he caught the barn of an assortment of timber and empty petrol tins, which soon bobbed and clattered in the angle made by the main building and the projecting warehouse. Finally he prised the big barn-door off its hinges and let it go to join the accumulation.

Then, weighed down with fencing-wire, pliers, a box of staples and a hammer, he made the perilous crossing of the yard. The water was up to the top step. He was looking at the door when it opened.

"Jack! So you haven't gone?" "Hell, no!" His voice was harsh of a purpose. "Widows don't commit water in Australia, it's an Indian custom. Stop your nattering, there's work to do! I'm building as a raft!"

She watched him for a moment as he struggled in the now darkness. Then she was with him, her hysteria gone. He knew before the oak was more than soaked that it would have been hopeless without her. It took strength and teamwork to fight those bounding logs.

They laced the smaller ones together with wire and staples. Then, fighting the swirls of current that sought to claim them they secured the bundles to the barn-door. To provide extra buoyancy Jack wedged petrol tins between the logs, thinking as he did so of the kids at the swimming hole and the bizarre craft they used to launch

Before they had finished the outer wall stripped itself away from the wash-house and the roof sagged slowly into the water.

As he worked the raft through the ruins, Molly turned and forced her way towards the house. Stiffening sudden bitterness, he went after her, stung her unresisting body and threw her onto the slippery decking. He would not stand by and see her commit suicide. Should-der-deep in rushing water, he put his weight against the raft.

"There was no need for that, Jack. I was only going for blankets," said a soft voice in his ear.

Caught by the force of the stream the raft wrenched itself loose. He clung to it with straining fingers. Then there were hands clawing at him, arms about him and at last the deck swinging and pivoting beneath his body. The clashing talons of a gum-branch

raked across him, there was a crash and surge of water as they grazed the trunk. Suddenly he was lying in what seemed complete silence, utterly spent.

Only one sound broke the eternal him of rain on water and the rushing surge of the broad stream that bore them on—that was a distant crashing sound that might have been made by a house collapsing. Then near him, very close indeed, he heard a woman sobbing.

Though he was cold, weary and exhausted, there was peace within him at last. Danger was still all about them in their blind journey with the river. When, a little later, he sighted the moving lights from flooded Boonsalong, it was not the knowledge of approaching safety that made him smile. The house was gone, and with it the barrier. His search was ended before it had fairly begun.



# NEIGH-BORES



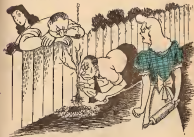
IF the folks next door are always willing to lend you anything you may ask of them, but never borrow anything from YOU, they are referred to as "Those lovely people next door"



If they are continuously borrowing things from YOU and never lend anything in return, they are known as "Those awful people next door"



In the event of the woman next door being young and attractive the Golden Rule — Loving Thy Neighbor — should be strictly adhered to. This is known as the "Good Neighbor Policy"



providing, of course, that her husband is not larger than you and your own wife is not of a violently jealous nature. In this case grow a high hedge between your house and their's and ignore the whole thing. This is known simply as Good Policy



When the inhabitants of your neighbor's poultry run invade your garden, don't chase them away. Plant fern and give them a fair go. That is like casting your bread upon the waters and having it come back on Chickens Maryland.



In the Great Cone Swamp of the Far West anyone within a radius of 100 miles is called Neighbor. In the city, anyone within a radius of fifty yards is a damn nuisance.

## MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



**GAMMA** globulin—the red blood cells left when plasma has been extracted—is being used for special healing jobs. Surgeons at the Mayo Clinic, U.S.A., have discovered that globulin cured stubborn varicose ulcers, and whooping cough is practically a casualty now that a new globulin for treating it has been made commercially available.

TB bacteria simply and quickly in test tubes. His process uses a synthetic detergent, produced for cosmetic purposes, and yet is so simple that it is being hailed as the greatest TB discovery since Koch isolated the germ in 1882.

**NOVOCAIN** treatment for sprains reduces the time required for a cure. Novocain is a local anesthetic which paralyzes the sensory nerve fibers. It eliminates pain, reduces swelling, and speeds up the repair of the injured tissues. Novocain, injected into the injured part, has produced favorable results in sprains and strained limbs.

**HISTAMINE**, an uric acid derivative, is being used in the U.S. to clear up severe migraine headaches. Out of 34 patients treated, 24 were completely cured. Since migraine is frequently associated with allergies, the researchers believe that the new treatment suggests a method of attack on many problems which may be due to allergy.

**INSULIN** shock treatment, often used in cases of mental disorders, has proved effective in certain types of asthma. Dr. Z. Gollwitzer, writing about tests at the Polish Medical School, Edinburgh, Scotland, says that of nine cases treated, most of them have been free from asthma for more than a year, and in three cases, for three years.

**AT** a meeting of three United States tuberculosis societies in Buffalo, New York, René Jules Daclos of the Rockefeller Institute announced that he had discovered a method of cultivating

# BUFFALO HUNTING STINKS

NEVILLE FORTESCUE



ILLUSTRATION BY LEO SPITZBERGER. THE BUFFALOES YOU HAVE TO

Certainly there is no hunting like the hunting of men and those who have hunted armed men long enough and liked it, never really care for anything else thereafter. The Gulf Stream and the other great ocean currents are the last wild country that is left. In hunting you know what you are after and the top you can get is an eyebrow. But men can say what you will hunt. —In the Gulf Stream? —Ernest Hemingway.

NO doubt, Mr. Hemingway, it is a very fine thing to hunt armed men long enough, and not to care about anything else thereafter, because as you say there is a peculiar delight in the hunting of armed men. There is also something in the hunting of armed buffaloes and when once you have hunted them, you never really care for the hunting of anything, after that.

The buffaloes you hunt are not those in the Municipal Library in Sydney, card-indexed . . . buffaloes, North-American bison, Buffalo Bill, the Buffalo Club where there is a lengthy bar with plenty of chrome and Joe the bar-

man who knows not the first thing about the sort of buffaloes you hunt in Australia.

Because these buffaloes, whose ancestors were ferried across the sick, wide tropic sea from Java, have been spending most of their time in that wild country beyond the Mary River, south-east of Darwin. They look like staying there. And if the war hadn't ended when it did, they could have died there, very easily, all of them.

You turn right from the Stuart Highway just past the Strawn strip or the Livingstone strip. I forget which, and very shortly you see the Mary River.

If it is the season, you may see some water, and indeed when the rain comes you may just make the Mary River, and no further. Because it rains. But if it is not the season, you see an eroded trench in the earth, and the tall, dry bones of the bamboos have fallen low over the puddles where the water-way should be.

Or maybe there are no puddles.

So you drive the utility slowly along the banks, avoiding the dust until you see a place where the banks slope down like a runway and you cross the eroded river there.

The buffalo-hunter you are cramping in the rear of the utility shouts out to you about the dust, and you say that you are going as slowly as this buggy will take you, but he says look at it. And you look back of you and for one, maybe two miles, you can pick out the track you have followed through the bush from the distance which has risen skywards, hanging there wordlessly.

The buffalo-hunter has a .303 and he is indeed a man who has been much impressed by the hunting of armed men, and not yet impressed by the hunting of buffaloes, so you drive slowly, stalking as stealthily as horsepower allows.

In this slow way you approach the buffalo country. For some time you have been able to smell them. Don't imagine that this requires any delicate fifth or sixth sense, because what you can smell is the burning-up carcasses of them. The sun is very hot, and there is this permeation of a smell in the air and after you have passed through the country of the magnetic ant-hills, and skirted maybe a couple of lagoons, then you are nearer to their country and you can smell them all right. Maybe you look around to see where the smell is coming from, and you add a few knots to the speed of the truck, but that is no escape from the stretch of buffaloes.

Then you see them. You see

mountains of tropic-rotten flesh that might have been buffaloes and there is this strange flat smell of putrefaction.

If you do not drive too fast you notice that there are no horns to be seen on any of these animals, and even though they are dead that may seem unusual to you if you have not already sampled the delights of hunting them. But maybe, you think, some of them are born that way, without horns. Someone told you that he saw a little boy in Singapore, with a tail, so hence these buffaloes. You think it is not so strange. Or maybe you think that these buffaloes are not such wild animals after all.

Notwithstanding, you push on.

You are passing a great number of these lagoons, and around them there is much swampland and water lilies lie flatly on the water. At night, there, you would hear the angular barking of crocodiles, or you would see one come up out of the water, but as it is mid-day you hear nothing. Except perhaps a few parakey bush-turkey.

The air is flat and quiet in the low bush and seeing that water makes you wish you were in a small boat, out of Coogee, or Surfers' Paradise, sitting atop five tons of good schnappes in the green sea, or strolling on the beach with the tide just right, feeling the pull of your fish as the line screams out and the next wave hits you.

But you are not there.

You are travelling in a utility truck, in the country towards the Gulf of Carpentaria, looking for live buffalo. You don't see any. Not yet. But you have heard that

it is a delightful sport, and that once you have hunted armed buffaloes long enough . . .

You have not seen any aborigines either. Suddenly this fact hits you and you realize that they have all moved over into the unexplored country south of the Gulf to get away from the obnoxious white man and his army. There they are safe—there is still some wild country left.

You come out of the bushland altogether then, and a couple of leopards take fright and different directions across the big plain. Here the dust is much better because of the long grass and the hunter in the back is not shouting any more.

This plain moves out 10, 15 miles in all directions and you see the grass moving in the distance like still water when a breeze strikes it. The next line of trees runs the horizon, darkly, low-down. Your eyes smart with the glare of that blue-white sky and you observe, then, some small dark blobs chewing grass over to the northeast.

Buffaloes.

The blood stirs then with the enjoyment of hunting them. You can hear the passenger's blood stirring too. This is the thing, you think.

You move in on them, thinking that by the look of them they are too busy eating grass to worry about you.

A three-oh-three, well-used, is a very powerful instrument, and when you see a few of those buffaloes lying down in the grass and you walk up to them, you know that they are not fooling. They are

very dead. If the shot has been well-placed it will have passed through the back of the head and come out from somewhere, taking the jaw with it. So there is a nice mess for you, Mr. Hemingway.

You examine them further.

You note that they are small, grey animals, except one, which looks like something you have seen down Camden way, or by the Murray, any day of the week. You see then, by the look in its eye, or something, that it is indeed a domestic cow, a brown-and-white cow which must have wandered a bit far from the sliprails when the raids were on. After that it had met the buffalo herd, found the company charming, stayed.

Being sympathetic about such things you may weep a little for the charming buffaloes, who at that moment do not look so very charming.

But all the same, you remove the horns. And you leave them to the sun, and the small creatures.

In that way, and with the aid of quick-firing cannon in aircraft and machineguns in aircraft, it is possible to kill a very large number of buffaloes during a war. It has been done. And that is why the buffalo nearly died there, in his business in the no-man's country towards the Gulf. After you have seen the thing done, after you have taken part in the hunting of armed buffaloes, you never really care for any sort of buffalo after that. No, Mr. Hemingway.

Certainly not buffalo-hunting. There is some wild country left. But no wild buffaloes.



*"Put an aspirin tablet in each pay envelope and cut everyone's salary."*

# HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL LOVER



PAUL POPENOE

Arm-chair strategy doesn't go in love; the tactics must fit the girl.

"I LOVE you!" Will she believe it? Not unless you live it more than you say it. And the way of living it does not differ greatly before and after marriage.

Some girls can be wooed and won by any method, or by no method at all. But the more desirable a girl is, the more difficult she is to win. In the first place, she knows her own value and will not readily lower her standards by giving herself away too easily. In the second place, she demands more in a mate. In the third place, competition is keener.

Some men have devised a kind of theoretical or arm-chair courtship that is supposed to fit any occasion. Such men are mostly old bachelors. Obviously, you can't make love to the whole female sex, but only to one girl, and your tactics must be based on the personality of that one girl.

It would be as absurd to sug-

gest a line of conduct for winning a girl, without knowing the girl, as to offer one for winning a football game, without knowing anything about the opposing team. But a few general principles will apply in many different situations, and it will be convenient to discuss them by drawing an arbitrary line between the preliminary period, when there is merely an attraction or the desire to create one, and the succeeding period when deeper emotions are involved.

In the first stage, that of mere attraction, there are two obvious prerequisites. One is propinquity; the other is to keep your best foot forward. And then?

And then you must convince yourself that she is simply wonderful. This ought to be easy! The next step is to convince her that she is wonderful.

You must gradually break down her tendency to keep up a deten-

ant barrier. If she is above the common level she has built up a system of defenses, intended to protect her self-esteem.

Bette Jean, for example, has not forgotten how she was rushed to university by a smooth undergraduate who was all the time engaged to a girl back home. She was badly hurt. She vowed that she would never again make a fool of herself in that way.

Now Hugh is interested in her. He keeps her guard up. She hopes this is "the real thing," but she is determined not to be disappointed again. How can Hugh surmount his obstacle?

Evidently he must keep up the pressure, or else she will decide that he is merely a false alarm. But he must be guarded enough himself to make her constantly fear that he is not going any further. If she is really interested in him, she will then try to lead him on. He certainly cannot take any liberties; this is not the time to appeal to sex appeal. If he does that, she is likely to think he is not interested in anything else, and drop him.

Perhaps he will do well to act as if he valued Bette Jean mainly for intellectual companionship. She will then be piqued and will attempt to present herself in a more seductive and alluring light, wanting him to understand that she has brains, but a great deal more! In short, she will come toward him.

Then too, Hugh must make Bette Jean feel that she would be safe with him. He must not misrepresent his own prospects, or his own ideals, but he must do him-

self justice. If he believes in monogamy and parenthood, this is the time to let her find that out. If he thinks he will be a success in life, this is the time to let her find out why.

Also, he will make her feel that he is responsive only to her; yet he will keep her on her toes by suggesting the possibility of competition.

A safe policy is to let the girl set the pace. Bette Jean thought she would suggest a little competition to Hugh, so she turned down an invitation from him to a dance, and went with another fellow. He retaliated by showing up at the same dance with a flashy newhead.

Bette Jean had already decided that it was safe to be serious with Hugh; now she decided that it was also necessary to be serious.

In a word, if he can make himself indispensable, the job is really done; and he is ready for the final step, which is to let the relationship gradually ascend to an engagement.

All he has to do now is to keep on fishing a little bait to the flames, the final ascent generates his own momentum. It is to be hoped that Hugh has enough imagination to provide a proper setting for his proposal and to make it something that she will not always remember with chagrin. If he simply nudges her, when she has won a promise from the heroine at the movies, and whispers: "How about you and me, hey?" she may marry him but she will never forgive him.

But most of the love-making in life is done after marriage, not before. The average couple have

known each other for two or three years before the wedding; but the average marriage lasts 20 or 30 years. Making love after marriage therefore deserves ten times as much attention.

If "the art of love is the art of pleasing a woman," then she must now be pleased in two ways: (1) she must be pleased to think that she is a woman; and (2) she must be pleased to think that she is a wife, or specifically, your wife.

You can make love to her only as a woman; but if she wishes she were not a woman, you start with a handicap. Unfortunately many women, especially well-educated ones, unctuously regret that they are women. They have been brought up to feel that men have all the advantages, a woman is handicapped inescapably by her sex, and she would be much better off if she had been born a boy.

With that outlook on life she is in no mood to be loved; and in fact this Masochistic Protest, as Alfred Adler called it, leads many women not to marry, others to be unhappy in marriage or even actually frigid. The husband who continually deprecates women or who looks on the whole sex as inferior and put in the world mainly as servants to men, will never be a successful lover. Like the man who makes love to his wife only when he wants sexual intercourse, he is merely in love with himself.

"He treats me as courteously as if I were a perfect stranger," one woman remarked proudly. If you aren't going to trust your wife politely, don't make the mistake of treating anyone else politely.

Still worse is the habit of mak-

ing comparisons—unless they are favorable. Most wives have inferiority complexes and need constant reassurance; need to hear daily the words "I love you" as well as to see the actions.

The successful lover never overlooks an opportunity for a compliment; and he never steps into a trap such as his wife is sure to set—for no woman can help testing out her husband occasionally to make sure his admiration is turned in the right direction. So when Helen asks innocently: "Isn't young Miss Morton simply adorable?" Al sidesteps with cynical blandness as he replies: "Well, I suppose she is if you admire that type." There is only one woman in the world of whom it is safe for a husband to express unqualified approval!

The first requisite in married love, then, is to make your wife feel that she is a woman, help her to consider herself a superior and successful woman—a good specimen of a good sex.

Then she is entitled to a little romance in life. Some men marry with the intention of "settling down." But marriage isn't a settling down process, a static relationship—it's a dynamic relationship, every day in the year.

However much she values shared things, the average wife will crave a little surprise, a little color, a little adventure in her life, and her husband must see to it that she gets them—in his company, not elsewhere.

If "love" means anything at all, it means consideration for the other person. The way to make love, then, is to live love,



# I HUMPED THE BLUEY



READ TAYLOR

When you get talking to yourself  
it's high time to quit the road.

I was new to the road and my own company still bored and irritated me, and when I came upon him at sundown I felt relief that I wouldn't have to spend another night on my own.

Well, I approached his fire diffidently, for my shyness prevented my accepting as a matter of course the bohemism that exists among swaggies.

He watched me without saying anything until I was a yard away. Then he nodded towards his bully and invited me to get out my parakin. He pointed to the fire beside the fire, but I refused it.

"New to it, eh?" he said. I told him I was tramping to a job and that it was the first time in my life I had taken to the road. I asked him how he had guessed. He replied:

"Your belly. It's too bright. You want to blacken it."

As the sun was sinking over the Macquarie River we sat and chat-

ted. He told me his name was Kemp and that he was a professional swaggie and president of the Baggman's Union. I smiled at this; I didn't believe him, but that was no reason I should hurt his feelings. Without taking umbages, he went to his swag and got out a book which he threw into my lap.

It was the "Articles of Association of the Baggman's Union of Australia." The union's office presumably was under my companion's hat and the book claimed no membership fees. There was still light to read and I skimmed through the association's rules.

I learned the common swaggman was permitted two straps to his swag, but after having humped the bluey for five years (or less if he had performed some special service in the cause of swaggmen) he could add a third strap, making him a sort of sergeant.

No swaggie with *grade in his profession* would accept work and

any swaggie caught working was subject to immediate blackballing and expulsion from the union.

Other rules laid down the distance to be walked daily, the correct method of asking for a hand-out, the routine of opening and closing gates and the right way to carry the bullycan.

Only blackened bellies were permitted, and the fact that I had been carrying a bright belly had immediately marked me as a non-member as well as an amateur.

Next morning when I awoke the president of the union was gone. In all my later travels—I had been unduly optimistic, assuming I was walking to a job and consequently spent a good deal more time on the road—I never met him again. But I was to come across many more swaggies.

There was, for instance, a character whose nickname was "Caution." He was as much a part of the bush as the gums and said that he would never risk a trip to the city "because a man might get knocked over by a train or car."

Even in the bush he exercised a caution that emphasized his ambition to live to be a very old man. On one finger he wore a steel ring to ward off rheumatism, about his wrist was a flannel belt to prevent kidney trouble, his socks were stuffed with garlic.

In one pocket he carried a snake-bite outfit and in another a jar of washing soda as an antidote for strychnine poisoning.

Despite his garlic I stayed with Caution a couple of days. On the second day he raised his nose like a pointer dog and said:

"Rain. And thunder."

He dropped his swag and retreated in it for a length of copper wire, one end of which he fixed to his hat. I was pretty used to his eccentricities, but this one had me puzzled.

"What," I asked, "is the wire for?"

"A man must be careful," said Caution. "There's lightning about, and if I'm struck this lightning conductor will carry the electricity to earth. A man can't be too careful."

He courteously offered me a sec-  
ond wire but I refused it and quickened my pace to find camp. That was the last I saw of Caution, who never burned far from his place and was strident on his heart.

It was shortly after this that I encountered a character who brought an incongruous air of formality to the profession of humping the bluey. He was wearing a faultlessly-cut dinner suit.

It seemed that having approached a station, the squatter had proved unfriendly to the point of "snatching" his dog on to my friend. When the swaggman skidded to a stop a half-mile away, he found that an essential item of his clothing has been irretrievably destroyed. That night he had returned to the station and, with businesslike insistence, had found the only garments airing on the clothesline.

Thus, reckoning the squatter owed him a new outfit, he had acquired a brand new dinner suit.

The man we called the "Bower Bird" would not have qualified for the Baggman's Union, for he was not strictly a swaggie and one of the rules in the code prohibited the



use of any personally-owned means of transport other than feet. The Bower Bird did his travelling in a small van pulled by an old grey mare that wasn't (and I think never had been) what she used to be.

Moreover, he intermittently committed the sin that earned immediate expulsion. He worked. Not that he worked hard—a few odd jobs in the town he passed through—but the ethics of the profession were most defunct on the anathema of labor. However, the Bower Bird was at heart as earnest a swaggle as ever asked for a hand-out.

In his rickety van he carried no more personal essentials than other swaggle, yet it was invariably filled to bursting point—his collections of matchbox labels, cigarette cards and postcards; scores of stamp books, with duplicate specimens for exchanging with other collectors; old blackened billycons full of penknives, hundreds of them; buttons, screws, spare parts of cars, silverware, and a thousand other items of junk.

If there is a code among swaggles which prevents them gossiping about the other fellow, I never encountered it. Indeed, most were anxious to find out as much as they could about each other, without revealing too much of their own past.

The man with whom I was travelling thought the Bower Bird had left England for England's good, and he was generally considered a little light-on in brain power. The Bower Bird himself had pretty much the same idea about the others; he told me every-

thing in his van had some use to somebody. An odd screw might get into some tucker; a handful of nails might bring a shilling or two from a farmer (repairing a fence); a buckle he might sell to a man needing to fix his horse's belly-band. The stuff had cost him nothing, because he'd found it along the road.

He was one transient I did not see again. He was driving a fast guinea and looked prosperous. I guess it wasn't he who was short on brain.

I was growing to like the road. I no longer missed trudging mile on mile without company and when I met up with other swaggles I fell into easy companionship. I began to think that maybe I shouldn't try to get a job, and that the irresponsibility that went with humping the blues wasn't at all unpleasant.

Then one night on a lonely bush road I heard a man carrying on an animated conversation and presently came upon a sandowner.

"Where's your mate?" I asked.

"I have no mate," he replied.

I realized he was merely one of many swaggles who had developed the habit of talking to themselves. I recalled that the president of the Bagmen's Union had the habit, too, and when I remembered it to him he had said when you began to talk to yourself it was a sure sign the bush had got you.

A month later I heard another man talking to himself—and realized it was me. Next morning I headed for town—and a job.

I've been paying taxes ever since. But sometimes, I wonder



"We planned a little place in the country where we could raise chickens, but we didn't like the country."



# Plan for THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 24)

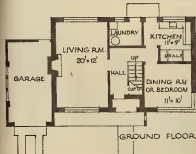
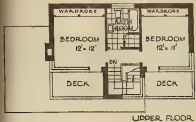
PREPARED BY W. NATHAN SHARP, A.R.A.S.A.

With building conditions becoming more difficult every day and costs still soaring, economical planning more than ever becomes the most important factor of all. Areas are limited, in most parts of the Commonwealth, to 12½ acres. Costs are nearly twice what they were in pre-war days. The result is that not one square foot of waste space can be afforded.

Plan No. 24 is of a two-story house that is short of everything but the essentials, so that its area comes within the permitted limit. There's no-sleeping a few additional feet here and there would hardly improve the house, but nothing can be done about that at present.

The form of the ground floor plan is a simple rectangle, and that makes for economy. There is quite a large living room, which is usually considered essential if the second room on the ground floor is used for a bedroom, then the function of dining room could be carried out at one end of the living room without undue overcrowding. The rear recess in the kitchen also helps out in this regard.

Continued on page 66



## VISUALISING THE PLAN

By W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



The two bedrooms and the bathroom on the upper floor all open off the stair landing, so that they are not only all handy to each other but there is no space wasted in passages. Both bedrooms open on to a deck over portion of the lower floor in the more modern arrangement.

As the sketch on the previous page shows, this plan is capable of a modern interpretation, but can also be easily adapted to the most conventional American Colonial type, which is the most popular form of all in the United States and is attracting increasing attention here in Australia.

Economy is achieved by tucking the first floor rooms partly into the roof space, although this is not a satisfactory plan in the hotter parts of the Commonwealth. Thorough ventilation of the rooms and the space above them is essential. It would be necessary to leave out the first floor decks in this alternative suggestion.

At £150 per square, this house would cost £1875 to build, without the garage, which in both instances could be added later without having to alter the main building. The frontage required for the complete house is 50-feet. Without the garage it could be accommodated on a minimum width of 40-feet.

CAN you read a plan? Most people think they can, and when they find they cannot, think that it is something to be ashamed of. For this reason many people who build homes place themselves at a great disadvantage.

When their architect—after a study of the land and preliminary discussions dealing with their exact requirements and their finances—presents them with their first sketch plan, they have only a hazy idea of what it all means.

You can avoid this pitfall. The first and obvious thing to do is to tell your architect quite frankly that you are not trained to read plans like he is. He is certain then to explain to you what all the symbols mean, how a window and a door are put down on paper and to demonstrate the arrangement of the various units by showing you similar ones.

But you can help yourself well more both before and after visiting him by making use of the house or flat you are living in.

You can use it first to determine just what rooms and arrangement of rooms are necessary and desirable for the design for living which you have evolved. There are some features about the house that appeal to you instinctively, others that you would avoid at any price.

Note all these things and pass the information on to your architect before he starts work.

It is a general rule that bedrooms should face east. Perhaps

your's does, and you wake hours too early in the summer. Make a note that you would prefer it on the north-east rather than the east.

With the doors and don'ts listed you will find yourself a welcome client at any architect's office. Without a written list you will remember most of them after the interview is over and you are sitting down to dinner at home.

Room dimensions, another tricky point, can be cleared up in the house you are in at present. The sketch may show a bedroom 14-feet by 12-feet. To people not used to such things that may not mean much.

Don't go down and measure it out on the lawn, but measure the room you now sleep in and see how they compare. Space or area without walls looks totally different to the same area enclosed. It is easy to see from the room you are in whether you want more floor space, or whether you could do with less.

The size of a room is also influenced by the position of the doors and windows. Having identified a room of similar or non-similar size, these features can be marked in and you can see just how the room can be furnished.

Such procedure at this stage may mean a complete re-arrangement of the plan. Its neglect may mean a house that is definitely unsatisfactory and a compromise furniture layout that you will never like.



## *Ideas* **FOR THE HOME OF TODAY**

*A bed designed for comfort and relaxation. Six feet by seven feet, it has one rest receding into the headboard which can be pulled down for reading. Walls are plastic treated chintz, and the bedspread is seers, referred, and quilted in an all-over floral design.*

*Functional design. No superfluous furniture, but a built-in dress ing-table shelf with wall mirror in keeping with the simple design of the wooden bed and armchair. A solid piece of timber forms the head-board and foot-board of the bed, upheld by solid timber legs. The bedspread of coarse cottage weave and the curtains echo the color of the morning, but the chair upholstery is in lighter tone.*



*The old four-poster in modern use. Period piece featuring a stretched, tufted bedstead with a gathered striped flounce in canopy, bed, chairs, footstool and even on the bedside table. White muslin was used for the canopy, drape and lampshade. The footstool is an essential part of the setting—to enable sleepers to climb into bed.*



## Do You Want A Home Of Your Own?

**T**HE A.M.P. Society's Home Purchase Plan offers you the opportunity to secure a home of your own by easy and safe means. Briefly, this is how the Society's plan works:

\* **THE LOANS.** Substantial proportions of the Society's Valuations are granted as loans towards the purchase or erection of suitable brick, brick veneer, weatherboard and fibre-cement houses in approved localities.

\* **EASY TERMS.** Loans may be repaid by fixed weekly instalments which include principal and interest. These repayments extend over a long term of years, according to the class of security, but should be completed before the age of 65.

\* **LIFE ASSURANCE PROTECTION.** The borrower is required to lodge with the Society as collateral security a policy for at least half the amount borrowed,

but in order to ensure that the home will be free of debt in the event of his untimely death, the Society advises every applicant to lodge a policy for the full amount of the loan. Policies already in force may be used for this purpose.

\* **NO VALUATION FEES.** No charge is made by the Society under this scheme for the inspection or valuation of property.

\* **LEGAL COSTS.** Costs of preparation of the necessary Mortgage Deed are borne by the Society, the borrower being responsible only for out-of-pocket expenses such as search fees, registration and other items incidental to the mortgage.

If it is your ambition to secure a home of your own, call and discuss the matter in detail with the Society's officers at the nearest A.M.P. office or ask your nearest A.M.P. Representative to call upon you.

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# MELBOURNE girl WINS

\*\*\*\*\*

Miss Noel McGlinchey, 17-year-old blonde beauty from Toorak, Vic., has won the coveted title of Australia's Premier Cover Girl.

From an avalanche of entries from all over Australia from New Zealand, the Pacific Islands, and even from Java, Noel McGlinchey, by the unanimous vote of three famous judges — film producer, Ken G. Hall, stage and screen star, Muriel Streibek, and artist, Erik Langher — has been selected winner of the CAVALCADE Cover Girl Quest.

To blonde, beautiful Noel McGlinchey CAVALCADE offers warmest congratulations on a honor well won. And to the unsuccessful entrants CAVALCADE throws a bouquet for having made the task of the judges one of the toughest they have ever faced up to!

CAVALCADE offers a special handicap to the other five beautiful finalists, Jan Ureghart, Jean Blake, Lorna Ryan, Noela Dykes and Joan Smith.

In the months to come pictures of many of the entrants to the Quest will grace the covers of CAVALCADE.

More than that, the Covering Director of CAVALCADE has already examined all the entries looking for screen types, and for every girl the opportunity of a screen career may be just around the corner.

And now, CAVALCADE has the honor to present Noel McGlinchey.

Noel has a captivating personality and a natural manner which emphasize her youthful beauty. She speaks well without the slightest affectation and with just a trace of shyness which is intriguing.

Noel lives with her father, mother and sister. She has been modelling since August last year, and she wants to reach the top in her chosen profession. Well she now has a golden opportunity to do so!

You get two main impressions after talking to Noel for a little while. She dresses very smartly and tastefully in simple, dark clothes which set off her blonde beauty to perfection. She has a bubbly sense of humor which makes conversation with her a stimulating experience.

Except for dark lipstick and well bouquered Noel makes sparing

# Cavalcade

\*\*\*\*\* COVER GIRL QUEST!

use of cosmetics. But, then, she has an excellent natural complexion.

She looks taller than her 5 feet 7 inches, but that is because her slim figure accentuates her height.

Noel told CAVALCADE she goes out a lot to dances but she hasn't a particular escort. She hasn't thought about marriage yet.

Her taste in films and books is fairly general. She plays tennis and goes ice-skating and she's an ardent "Bing" fan—in fact, her hobby is collecting "Bing" records.

As you can see, Noel is an unspoiled, typical Australian girl.

When she comes to Sydney this month as CAVALCADE'S guest, Noel will be launched on a dazzling career which will lead her to fame and fortune. She will be screen tested, photographed, fitted and presented with all the awards which go with the title she has won.

Good luck to Noel McGlinchey!

And now a word about the young man who took Noel McGlinchey's picture. CAVALCADE'S special award of 25 guineas goes to John Warlow, 28 year old ex-R.A.A.F. man whose outstanding portrait of Noel appears

on the cover of this issue of CAVALCADE.

Warlow's main interest is fashion photography. He started in as a professional photographer in Queensland when he was only 19 years old. Now he has a studio in a beautiful Toorak mansion, the spacious salons and gardens of which give him the gracious backgrounds which distinguish his photography. Congratulations, Mr Warlow!

The judges took a long time to pick Noel from the six glamorous finalists. There was a further assessment of qualifications, further weighing of Cover Girl requirements, further estimate of the personal capacity of a girl to handle the quite arduous job of being a top-ranking model.

Noel seemed to fill all the requirements; and later, when CAVALCADE'S representative called on her in Melbourne, he thought how right the judges were! Incidentally, Noel is the youngest of the finalists. The judges, however, were certain that her youth would be a marvellous asset in association with her other undoubted personal qualifications —and, of course, her beauty!

## What the judges said . . .

**KEN G. HALL:** I have judged many competitions concerned with female beauty, but I have never seen such a consistently high standard of entry as these girls have presented in the "CAVALCADE" COVER GIRL QUEST. They are a good type of girl in every way. I have seen the letters they have written, and I find that in education and outlook, as well as in physical beauty, they are well above the average entrant in other quests of this sort. I have remembered that CAVALCADE looked for a cover girl and I have framed my judgement accordingly. I have cast my vote for the girl I believe will make the best cover girl.

But there are many entrants who, while not so suitable for cover girls, suggest that they might be photogenic, and the type to gain an opportunity in films. Cine-sound would like to have its talent scout look through these entries to follow-up girls of this type, and I sincerely believe that more of them would be worthy of an offer of a screen test.

**MURIAL STEINBECK:** I have thoroughly enjoyed judging these entrants, because they represent good types, interesting types of young womanhood. I am impressed by the taste in dress which is obvious from their photographs, and I believe, as Mr. Hall does, that many of them have, in appearance, promise of some future in film or stage work. I am completely impressed with the girl selected, and I believe the

fact that the decision of the judges was unanimous shows clearly that this girl is the most outstanding entrant for the purpose. In every way she leads. But I feel that there are a number of entrants who, coming close to winning a place in the contest, are both beautiful and photogenic; in a contest where so many entrants had so many good qualities in their photographs, this should be at least definite encouragement to those who were not fortunate enough to win a place among the finalists in this nation-wide quest.

**ERIK LANGKER:** I have seen many women. My work as an actor has made me familiar with many models, and as I have always in mind not only the form of the perfect woman, but the extent to which many models fall short of perfection, I have an eye for imperfections. I am confident that the cover girls' standards are high, and that the winner is an outstanding young woman who, if she has any desire, can make a career from now on in modelling. And, I hope as indicated by Mr. Hall, in film, though I am not qualified to speak on that. There are many entrants whose faces show interesting subject matter for a painter. However a cover girl's first duty is to be on a magazine cover. I congratulate CAVALCADE on having assembled such a fine collection of entrants, and I congratulate the winner of the contest on having won a distinction above such heavy competition.



Here is a serious study of Noel McGlashan, also by John Warlow  
No Hollywood starlet ever looked more bewitching



*Hubert*

FEROCITY IS THE STUFF—



—OF PRIMITIVE DRAMA

*Anna*





SOMETHING JUICY—



—TO MAKE A FELLOW GROW.

Ford



*Nubia*

YOU CAN'T FORGIVE A SOURPUSS—



*Le Grog*

—BUT A SMILE HELPS THE PLAINEST FACE



## Problem of the Month

Are you good at figures? No, silly, the other kind. This kind: "At the commencement of our annual cricket week, now just concluded," reports the club secretary, "our fast bowler, Smith, had taken forty wickets for one hundred and sixty runs. During the same period, Jones, the googly expert, had taken twenty wickets, also for a hundred and sixty runs. One man's average, therefore was exactly double that of the other. During cricket week they took thirty wickets between them at a total cost of two hundred and eighty runs, and their averages for the season are exactly the same." (Applause.)

Whoo—how's that? Based on these figures, what is the greatest number of wickets Smith could have taken at the time the secretary reported?

## Answer

Bowler Smith's tally is 60 wickets. It's this way: during cricket week Smith took 26 wickets for 280 runs and Jones four for none. Figures for the season are then: Smith 66 wickets for 440—average 6 2/3. Jones 24 for 160—average 6 2/3.

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## THE GIRL BREAKS A SAFE

She was mistaken for a millionaire's daughter—and that wasn't so good.

RODRICK THEW

BEVERLY Ann, slim, sinuous and smartly-tailored, met a man on the footpath five minutes after she had left her place of business, and this chance encounter ruined the long weekend.

Surfing, dancing, and sitting in the roadster with Roland after the dance, shivering with the delight of young romance, were all in Beverly Ann's programme for the long weekend, and rightly so since she was young enough and beautiful enough for all of these.

But they were all spoiled by the man who stepped in her path in

the crowded street and said: "Don't you recognise me?"

Beverly Ann, a smart young woman with a snap-decision mind, said "No" in an uncompromising voice and made to pass on.

People who passed jostled against Beverly Ann. A car drew up to the kerb with a swish, so close to Beverly Ann and the strange man that he took her elbow and drew her aside just as the car door opened.

Beverly Ann started to say thanks, but she seemed to lose balance then. By the time she shouted

for help her voice stuffed into a sweaty human hand across her mouth, and she was on the floor of the car, and the door was banging, as the engine roared the car forward into the traffic. The strange man was seated on the car seat, looking down.

"Easy as that," he said.

The second occupant of the car sprinkled something sweet over a handkerchief and held it across the hand that gagged her mouth.

Beverly Ann had felt chloroform before. By the time she had put together the meaning of the last crowded minute, thoughts were flying about her head like butterflies, and swooping towards her with wings that spread bigger and blacker as they got nearer her face, until they flapped into her eyes, blacking out the light and consciousness.

Beverly Ann was lying on a sofa when she woke up. There was singing in her head and her first conscious thought was butterflies with big black wings flapping towards her. She panicked and sat up.

The room was strange, and things began to come back to her. Her head felt dizzy and she lay down again. She started to remember slowly where she was and the dizziness left her. Fear made her think quickly. But she had not time to think for before the door opened.

The man who had stopped her in the street came in and closed the door.

"You'll be all right," he said without preamble. "If you don't try to get smart."

Beverly Ann sat up and looked

at him. Some of her business crispness came back. "What's all this about?" she demanded. There was a good deal of heat in her voice.

The man raised his hand. It was white, small, well-manicured. It looked freshly washed.

"No scenes," he said pleasantly. "The boss doesn't like them, and it will be better that way."

"The boss?" Her eyebrows arched. "If you've got a boss you'd better let me talk to him. He's got some explaining to do."

"He'll not be coming in unless things get tough," the man said. "He's turned you over to me."

The chloroform started to nauseate Beverly Ann and her head felt light again. She suddenly thought, too, that she could recognize this.

"What's behind all this?" she demanded, unwilling to frame the thought that had taken hold of her mind.

The man folded his arms and walked over. He stood and looked down at her silently for quite a time. She met his gaze and held it; but under the unusual coldness of his eyes she looked away first.

"There are two possibilities," he said. "One is distinctly unpleasant." He paused, never taking his eyes from her. "The other," he said slowly, "is simple and painless, and the cost is reasonable."

Beverly Ann sat not daring to look at him again; she waited, feeling his eyes on her. "Twenty thousand," he said, still speaking slowly, "and you will be put smartly back on the corner we took you from."

Simple kidnap and ransom. Be-

lieve Ann didn't know anything about it, but she could see she was in a jam. She got to her feet and forced herself to stand steadily. She forced a smileless imitation of laughter.

"Where's the twenty thousand coming from," she demanded. "Your father?"

The smartness which had made her valued by her employer swooped into her eyes.

"That's a nice thing to say to an orphan," she retorted.

The man looked at her with quick interest.

"Cut it out," he said. "You can't pull fancy stunts."

Beverly Ann shrugged. "O.K.," she said; "it's your mistake."

"Miss Menden," he retorted, "you're like all society dames; you're so smooth you're almost convincing. Your mother died in 1932. How long has Sir Harry been dead?"

Beverly Ann laughed, almost musically. "What's Sir Harry Menden to do with me?"

"Something that adds up to about £20,000," he said. "Don't try your swift jokes. The boss might get tough—and when he's tough he's ugly."

The man turned towards the door of the room and threw a "think it over" back to her as he turned the handle to go out. As he opened the door another man was standing there. "What's the reaction, Max?" he asked.

Max shrugged. "Terry, she thinks this is a practical joke."

"Then she better stop." Terry came into the room. "Miss Menden," he said, dropping a sopsy writing pad on the table, "the boss

says you're to write your own ransom note."

She stood, her slimy upright figure poised. "It's true this note is supposed," she snapped. "I am not Miss Menden; I have no father; I wouldn't write that note if I had."

Terry forced her into a chair and when he let go her arm hurt. "We do the talking around here," he said. "Write what you're told."

She wanted to rub her arm where he had bruised it. For a second she remained tense in the chair, then she relaxed and looked at them both with a stony smile. "Whom does it matter?" she asked. "It won't do any good. He'll know."

"If it doesn't do good it's going to do harm," he said. "Check, Max?"

He nodded, and she wrote at his dictation a demand on Sir Harry Menden for £20,000 as the price of his daughter's safety.

Tony and Max watched her write. When she had finished they read the note with the greatest of care as it lay on the table. They studied it for any way in which she might, ingenuously, have twisted their words. Then Max said: "Fold it up and put it into an envelope."

As she was addressing the envelope he added: "There isn't going to be any fingerprints on this but yours." Then he told her to wrap another sheet of paper around it, and carried it, thus protected, out of the room. There wasn't going to be anything in the writing or on the paper that would lead back to anybody but her.

Beverly Ann, left alone, had plenty to think about. She knew

from the note the danger with which they had not threatened her. She had worked hard to keep her hand steady as she wrote the final phrase—"... if not the body will be found floating in the surf."

The light as the room went out suddenly. Beverly Ann listened, but could hear nothing at all.

After sitting straining for some sound in the darkness for some time, she slowly relaxed. Then the maternal nerves began to tremble; and she flung herself down on the couch and lay there, biting her lip, haunted by fear that made her want to scream.

Unpleasant pictures drifted before her mind. They froze her with a goosebump-bringing cold terror; but they were not enough to make her want to cry. Perhaps she was past tears.

The sickly-sweet smell of the chloroform resumed itself in her nostrils so that she started up, believing that it was near her again. But it was only her memory of that all-embracing black butterfly-wing that had robbed her of consciousness in the car.

That memory frightened her. She relived the dream of those wings flapping nearer and blinding her; and then they came again, blinding her again. When she woke up there was light streaming through the high window, and she knew it was day, and Max was standing over her and she realized suddenly where she was.

Realization took the freshness of sleep out of her mind, and the way Max ran his eyes over her sleepiness as she lay there made her sit up quickly.

"It wasn't them," Max said. His voice was heavy and slow.

"What wasn't it?"

"The money."

"Did you expect it so soon?"

"Gee," Max exploded, "you're a cool fool. Don't you remember what you wrote to your daddy?"

"I told you he isn't my daddy. I knew he wouldn't send anything to a strange girl. Especially in the railway buffet at two in the morning—it was the railway buffet, wasn't it?"

Max nodded.

"Pity he didn't come over," he said. "You're too nice . . ." He let the words drag unfinished. After looking at her silently for a moment he went out.

Beverly Ann had had frights and shocks; once she had been near to death in a car accident, and the image of what could have happened to her had chased her for days afterward. But she knew now, sitting in the room alone, what fear was.

The window, when she crossed to it, looked out over tall roofs: this was somewhere in the city. It might be anywhere, because she couldn't see any familiar signs or slogans; by the same token she learned that she was far above ground, and that to break out of the window would land her on a narrow stone ledge.

Beverly Ann was smart; she was practical. It seemed fairly obvious that, since the window was unguarded, it could not be used for escape and her captives knew it. But she was a girl to see for herself.

She dragged the sofa under the window and stood on it. Then she

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tried to unfasten the lock. It was rusty and it would not move, but she tried patiently. Once there was a noise that made her stop and listen, but she heard only the pounding of her own heart and her mouth was dry.

Certain she was not about to be disturbed she returned to her window lock. She wrestled with it for minutes; the rust on it came off and stained her fingers. There was a sharp edge on it that scratched her thumb. But she made the rusty lock move and presently had it undone.

Beverly Ann had a feeling that this was good. She put her weight against the window and pushed, and had another struggle to move it in its sash. But she got it up, squeaking and groaning. To her the squeaks seemed very loud and she paused several times, listening.

The window was far enough up for her to crawl through. She jumped down and ran to the door and tried it; it was locked on the outside. She darted back, sprang onto the sofa, pulled herself onto the ledge and knelt there, peering out.

A long ledge of stone about eighteen inches wide ran below the window and away along the top of the building, which was a block of city offices. About twenty feet along there was a round waterpipe running down the wall, and a couple of things sticking out of the wall that looked like loops which had once held a pipe. What seemed a dizzy distance below was the roof of another building. She thought she could reach it.

Outside the window, onto the ledge, Beverly Ann felt suddenly



calm. She knew she had to be calm, and very steady, to do this.

Inch by inch, standing on the narrow stone ledge with her back pressed against the wall of the building, she moved along. She had to pass two windows to reach the down-pipe, and they gave her wider ledges on which to stand.

Twice as she reached the windows she pressed herself back into the recesses and rested, feeling a little safer. Then she moved forward again along the ledge.

She managed to knelt down and grasp the fastening that held the waterpipe. She lowered herself over and not daring to look down knew that she hung dizzily be-



tween heaven and earth to the city skyline. She felt to get a grip on the pipe. One of the old loops she had seen in the wall was somewhere here. She felt for it with her feet and found it; as it took her weight it began to bend, she tightened her grip on the pipe and felt suddenly panicky.

For a moment Beverly Ann hung there. She could not go down, she knew it; her confidence had gone. She tried tentatively to pull herself up by the arms; she couldn't do it. Trembling all over she clung there. It was only a small time now. Her fingers and

She looked along the narrow ledge. A dizzy distance below was a roof.

wrists would get tired. She would fight against her tired muscles to hang on. But presently the muscles would rebel and she would go hurtling down.

She began to feel clammy. She tried to tell herself that this would be no worse than what would have happened anyway but she refused to believe her own conviction.

Underneath her there was a sharp squeak of an unlatched window. "Hang on a second," somebody called out. "We'll get you; hang on."

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Beverly Ann tried to look down but could see nothing. The voice gave her a sweeping feeling of relief. At the same time, suddenly the seconds seemed to drag and the minutes seemed ageless. Then something moved quite closely beside her and she twisted her head with difficulty. A rope ladder hung there, dropped from above.

The voice below her said: "Get on and hang on."

Beverly Ann calculated the distance and stretching her leg sideways managed to get her foot around the side of it. Trembling and uncertain she got herself onto it and slid into a sitting position on one of the rungs. She twisted her arms around the side ropes and, feeling suddenly safe, began to cry.

The ladder was moved up. As it moved she swayed and banged against the wall. When she was pulled over the projecting stone ledge she did not hold herself far enough out, and her leg rubbing over the rough edge was grazed until it smarted.

The ladder moved slowly and Beverly Ann ventured to look up. Faces peered over the top of the wall but her eyes were misty and she could not distinguish them.

On the roof she dropped in an unconscious heap.

When she woke up she was back on the sofa and it was back in its place against the wall opposite the window. The window was closed again. And Max was once more standing looking down at her. There was no cold appraisal of her beauty in his eyes. He was furiously angry, keeping himself in check with difficulty.

"You damn little fool," he said. She said: "Ho! The man who was going to kill me was frightened and I'd kill myself."

"That would have been better," he said, "if you had. Why didn't you fall?"

"You didn't let me," she said, "you saved me."

"If you'd been killed in the fall everything would have been simpler but if you had been taken to hospital, and you'd talked . . ." He shrugged. "As it is there's no telling who saw you in that silly escapade. We'll have to get you the hell out of here."

She wanted to ask things and say things that sounded smart, like she had yesterday. But she couldn't think of those things now. Her cold fear was removed, she lay still, watching her fingers.

Max sat down on the side of the sofa, close to her. "Look," he said, "I may be a sentimental fool, but I like you. You look pretty nice. I don't want you to get all messed up. Did you do anything to that note—you know, in writing it, I mean—to put your father off?"

She didn't answer for a second; then her anxious eyes met his.

"Listen, Max," she said, "I told you—he's not my father—really. And, Max—" she tried to sound confidential, to win his sympathy—"even if he were, and even if he paid the money, I'd never get out of it alive. You wouldn't dare risk it, would you now?"

"It's not me—it's the boss," Max said, and Beverly Ann felt that he was defending himself to her, which was good. "And the boss wants money pretty badly,



and he wants to even scores with your father—but he's not a killer. No, he's not a killer."

Max squeezed her arm and got up. "I'm sorry you did that," he said, "that escape. Because now they'll take you away somewhere else. They'll have to, in case you were seen."

Max went out. Presently Tony and a man she hadn't seen before came in.

Tony had something in his hand. He walked over to her and held it in his palm for her to see the shining cylinder and the long slim pointed needle attached to it.

"This will rock you off to sleep if you try to fool about," he said. "I don't want to use it, but I will if you don't do as you're told."

She looked at it and at him. "You're the man who is making all the mistakes around here so far," she said. "I wouldn't make the mistake of getting that stuck into me."

"You've got guts," he said.

"Will you do as you're told?"

"Yes," she said.

He grinned. He had a coat over his arm and he threw it over her shoulders. He let his hands rest on her shoulders and let them run slowly and lightly the length of her arms as he dragged them away.

He took a pair of sun-goggles out of his pocket and stood close in front of her, almost touching her, while he put them on her. She moved back from him and adjusted them. They had looked like sun-goggles, but she couldn't see through them. They were a blindfold—the sort of blindfold that people could even look at without any suspicion.

Tony took her arm and the other man took her by the hand, and they went out. Beverly Ann guessed they walked the length of a corridor, though she could see nothing. Then they went down in a lift and along a corridor and out into what, the strong light told her, was the street. It had a quietness not usually found in streets. She remembered that it must be Saturday afternoon.

She had not eaten for twenty-four hours but she did not feel hungry. She didn't even feel the same cold fear in her stomach now. They put her into a car. The door closed and the engine started, and sitting with Tony and the other man holding her arms still, they commenced to move.

The goggles were uncomfortable on her face. She went to move a hand to adjust them and the hand was jerked back. Something cold pressed against her hand and Tony said "Remember the needle; keep still." The old fear returned for a minute; then she became quiet as the humming of the engine told her they were on a long straight run of road.

Sunday afternoon, but not as she had seen it. She ought to be lying on the beach now. The warm sun would be browsing her and the cool breeze would be playing over her slim legs and shoulders, and Roland would be lying propped up on his elbow running sand through his fingers and gazing out to sea, or up into her eyes. . . .

Or they would be sitting on the little dappled patio of the beer garden having a cool drink and talking about their dreams. . . .

She moved her hand again and

Tony said, "Don't forget," in a voice that made her shudder. She didn't like Tony. She didn't think he would stop at doing up that scarf about her body floating in the surf; she thought he might want to do something before he killed her, though. She blinked tears away from her eyes.

The driver seemed interminable, but he stopped at last and she was in a big, sumptuously-furnished room, she knew where.

The man they called the Boss was there. So then that his six feet of height made him gigantic; so same-headed and bald that he looked comic; so expressionless that it was hard to conceive he was not wearing a mask.

Tony and the stranger stood back discreetly. What passed for a grin passed over the Boss's face.

"Very nice," he said smoothly, looking over Beverly Ann from head to her heels. "Very nice, but not worth all that money, even to her old. Pity."

Beverly Ann felt the need of something to lean on. There wasn't anything to lean on, so she stood tense and defiant.

"I hear some silly story that you deny your identity," he said. "But cameras don't lie. Look." He held up a photograph which could have been Beverly Ann—if she had had some food and a sleep, to get rid of his pallor and the dark circles beneath her eyes.

"And your father isn't going to come across," he mused. The smile went off his face and the tone of his voice went cold and hard as he said: "On Monday morning they'll find you floating in the surf, or washed up on a beach. They'll

probably call it suicide. It won't really matter what they call it then, will it? And twenty thousand and won't seem to mean so much to your father, will it? Oh, I've wanted to put the brakes on him for a long time, I have!"

There was a knock at the room door and the boss called: "Come in." Max came in with a newspaper in his hand.

"Look at this," he said without preamble.

The boss took the paper and looked at it. He gave an exclamation and started reading. Then he exploded. He swore profanely, and cursed Max and Tony and others who meant nothing to Beverly Ann.

She, seeing that something had gone wrong, knew that it was time to capitalise on the situation.

"Anything the matter?" she asked too sweetly.

The boss swore at her harshly. Then he gave a dry laugh. He told her what a pack of stupid fools his men were. He cursed her for laughing at them.

"Do you believe me at last?" she asked, the same simpering sweetness in her voice.

"Believe you? Look!" He flung the newspaper down. She picked it up and read: "Millionaire in Kidnap Hoax." She saw a photograph of the note she had written, and a large photograph of Sir Harry Marsden and his daughter posed reading the note.

Her heart sank as she read the end of the report: "As nobody answering to Miss Marsden's description has been reported missing it is assumed that this is a stupid practical joke to discomfort Sir

Harry Marsden or to embarrass Miss Marsden."

Nobody even knew she was missing. She could expect no help. She wondered what Roland was doing, or what he had thought of her not keeping her appointment with him. And the strange thought that dominated her first was the curious resemblance between Marsden's daughter and herself.

"You could have found all this out by looking in my handbag," she said.

The boss grasped it and flung an angry query at Tony.

"I thought of it," he defended, "but the bag fell in the gutter as we were putting her in the car. It was too risky to get it—too much delay."

The bag fell in the gutter. Beverly Ann registered that and remembered it as the only clue there was to her disappearance. Somebody would find it and perhaps report the loss. Then they might try to get in touch with her to give it back . . .

The boss interrupted. "Take her away and lock her up," he said to Tony. "We'll have to get rid of her: she knows too much."

She swung towards him. "Are you going to kill me because I know too much?" she asked.

"Get her out of here," he retorted angrily. "Yes, that's the size of it. Do you think I'm going to take the rap because you are let free to talk? This isn't a charity home."

Tony grabbed her by the arm but she twisted away from him.

"If you want murder, O.K. But I think I could be of use to a man like you."

Tony was already dragging her across the room. He was pushing her through the door when the boss said: "Just a minute, Tony." The man stopped and stood there, holding her.

"What did you say?" the boss asked her.

Beverly Ann's lips quivered. She drew a deep breath and asserted coldly: "I said I thought you could use a girl like me."

"How?" The query came sharply.

"Well, I'll tell you—alone," she said.

The boss cleared the room. "And now?" he asked.

"I'd like a chair," she said.

He motioned her to sit down. She did so, elaborately crossing her slim, stifled legs and leaning forward to look at her most intriguing.

"What do you know about me?" she asked softly and answered her own question: "Nothing, except that I look like the Marsden girl."

He nodded.

"You might have your own thoughts about me, but you might be right—or wrong," she proceeded. "You are a bit hasty; not the kind of man to throw away an asset—and I think I could be an asset."

"Go on," he said.

Beverly Ann hesitated. She was uncertain what to say next. This was the kind of bluff she had never played; the kind of thing which, had she ever thought of it, she would have been certain she could not do.

"Go on," he said irritably.

"Give me a smoke," she asked, "and forgive me if I'm a little slow. I haven't eaten under your

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idea of hospitality, you know."

He handed her a cigarette. She put it between her lips. "Light?" she queried and looking into his face smiled slowly.

While she lit the cigarette and slowly exhaled a lungful of smoke she was thinking rapidly behind cover of the actions.

"Look," she said. "I could tell you lies and you'd have to believe them if you're going to believe anything I say. But I won't. I didn't lie when I told you I was the wrong girl and I won't lie now."

"It wouldn't do you any good," the boss cut in.

"Well, I've never been in this line before—the crook stuff," she said. "But I think it would be better than working in an office for four pounds a week. I think you could use me pretty well."

"How?"

"Oh, different things you must want to do at times. This kidnap, for instance. I'm sure I could bring the Marsden girl in easier than these thick-headed fools of yours."

The boss looked at her through narrow eyes.

"Are you suggesting you do that?" he asked.

She nodded. "Why not? You want to get even with her old man, don't you?"

He nodded and smiled. "I certainly do." He got up and paced the room. Then he stopped and faced her. "God," he said, "what the mind of a woman must be like! You've had hell for the past twenty-four hours—but you don't mind handing it to another woman if it's for your own benefit, do you now?"

Beverly Ann smiled at him. "Why should I?" she asked.

"O.K.," he said. "I'll think it over—but hell, it's too much of a risk. I can't trust a girl who'd cold-bloodedly turn in another girl like that. You'd do any moral thing, you conscienceless bitch?"

Beverly Ann got up and smacked him across the face.

"You might be the boss and you might kidnap me—and kill me. But you don't talk to me like that," she said.

He started towards her angrily. His fists were clenched and his eyes glowering. She felt her heart pounding, but she stood her ground and said: "I'd expect you to hit a woman."

He stopped. "My God, you're cool," he said. "Maybe I shouldn't have said that. I shouldn't let you get away with this anyway. But if you can use these assets for me—"

"If I can?" she echoed as a question.

He lit a cigarette and puffed it in silence for a while, then said: "Don't you see that to take you into my outfit I've got to trust you, and I can't do that?" he asked. "You're a clearskin. The law can't do anything to you—you could walk outside and in a few days when you know enough, you could turn us over to the cops. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Not unless there's a very big reward for you," she said, "because I want money, lots of money, and I couldn't get it that way. Yes, I want a lot of money—don't you think I'm pretty enough to have money for good dresses and jewel-



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lery, and to be seen in nice places?"

She posed herself to show him how pretty she was. "And if you don't trust me because I haven't a record," she said, "well, I can easily give myself a record. I could rob a shop. Yes, I could do that, couldn't I, to buy myself into your mob?"

The boss lit his lip and looked at her. "So you could rob a shop to buy yourself into my mob? I should like to see the day a pretty little girl talks that way. Would you make it the corner grocery, or the fish and chip shop at the tram stop?"

"Smart and Smith would be better," she said. "Think big."

The boss whistled. "That is thinking big," he said. "You'd never get away with it."

"So I don't get away with it, and I go to jail for trying to break into the biggest jeweller's in town. Do you worry?" she asked.

"What do you know about breaking in anywhere?" he demanded.

"Can't tell you that for nothing," she said. "Think it over first."

He nodded briefly. She did not see him give any signal or pass any bell, but the door opened and Tony came in.

"Take her away," the boss said briefly and coldly, "and lock her up." His voice was bleak.

She dozed to sleep and was awakened by the opening of the door. A man—another she had not seen before came in with some cold meat on a tray and a glass which contained whisky and water. She ate the meat and was

thankful for the warmth the whisky pumped through her, and the man stood over her until she had finished. Then he went out. She heard the key turn in the lock and she sat down in a hard armchair. She kicked her shoes off and tried to curl up in the chair. At best it was very awkward; but soon she fell asleep.

When she woke Max and Tony were both standing over her.

Max was smiling. Tony said: "The boss wants you. Come on."

The boss said, "We'll try you out. You could be useful."

Beverly Ann said: "Good work. I'm going to like this."

Tony said: "Boss, I hope we're going to like this too. I think it stinks. I think we're fools."

"We're not losing anything here," Max said. "We might do all right, and we're not losing anything."

"We expect you to clean up Smart and Smith's tonight," the boss said, "How are you going to do it?"

Beverly Ann said: "I've been in there several times lately looking at things. I've often thought how easy it would be to rob. What I want is a couple of your boys to come along and do the hard work like picking locks. I'll do the actual robbery—and I'll leave my fingerprints all over everything and drop my handkerchief in the shop—leave enough clues to put me in jail for years. That will make me safe for you to work with on something else."

"I don't get it," Tony said. Beverly Ann said: "I'm what your boss calls a clonking, and I want to be in your mob. If I leave



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my fingerprints all over this office, I'll be a wanted woman in the morning—and then I'll be able to join your gang, won't I?"

"With what object?" Tony demanded.

"Because I want money. I want a lot of money and I'm going to throw in with you until I get it."

The boss said: "Tony, we've had this act before."

"I don't like it," Tony said. "If we get in this shop how are you going to open a safe?"

"I have a way with safes," she said. "I have some specialized knowledge—as being into this outfit. I was a salesman's secretary once; I know about safes."

"I hope you do," Tony said.

As they took her out she found Max very close beside her and when she was back in her little penon room Max did not leave at once. He took her by the arm and he squeezed her arm.

"You're a pretty good type, coming in like this," he said. "Why did you do it?"

"Does it matter?" she asked.

Max slid his arm around her. She went rigid but he kept his arm round her waist and looked into her eyes. "Yes, it matters," he said. "You're all right by me."

"Well," she told him, "once you grabbed me off the footpath it looks as though something has to happen. The boss was going to bump me off anyway in case I talked. I didn't like that, but I do like money and what it buys, so I thought it'd be have me in the gang. I might even have a better life than I had before as a silly little overworked typist."

"You'll have a better life," he said, "as long as you're on the level. Tonight will show. But for God's sake play the game straight with them. They'll stand over you with guns while you do this."

"Won't you be there?" she asked.

He shook his head. "No; Tony and two other fellows."

"Never mind," she said. "I'll see you later."

Max made to kiss her. She pushed him away angrily. "A sentimental crook," she said softly with a quivering laugh. "Wait till I win my spurs, Max. See me when I come back."

Max was still muttering, "God, what a woman," when the door opened and Tony came in.

"Come on and play it straight," he snapped. "I'm allergic to sex."

Beverly Ann looked at him peevishly and smiled. "With your good looks you'd have to be," she said. "Where do we go?"

Max laughed at the crack. Beverly Ann went out with Tony and was not surprised when she was given the blindfold glasses again and led out to the car.

She tried to count up time but could not. She said to Tony: "What day is it?" and Tony said: "It's Sunday."

"What time?" she asked and he told her it was shortly before dawn.

"Then I have a chance of seeing some daylight on Sunday, eh?" she asked.

Tony said: "If you do this job properly you might."

The car purled along the road smoothly. Beverly Ann fell quiet, thinking of what she was about to

do. She tried to recollect the interior of Smart and Smith's as all its detail, as she knew it. She rehearsed over and again in her mind what she would do.

She was aware that her heart was pounding again, as it had pounded in that top-story room when she tried to force the window open—only yesterday? It seemed long, long ago.

Her mind scrambled back, rehearsing what had happened to her. She was reliving her fearful interview with the boss of the gang when the engine of the car slowed.

She was told to get out and guided by Tony's hand she stepped into darkness. "You can take your glasses off," Tony said and she saw that while he was holding her arm another man was paying off an ordinary-looking taxi.

"Just going through the motions to play any suspicious eyes," Tony said. "Come on."

The taxi glided away. The second man joined them and they walked a block and a half down the deserted pre-dawn city street where the lights gleamed coldly and palely, towards Smart and Smith's.

There were iron shutters latched across the windows and behind them the store fronts in the display cases gleamed. Tony walked up to the shutters that guarded the door and they came open in his hands. He looked up and down the street and pulled the girl smartly into the recess of the doorway. He pushed the door and it swung open.

"This part is simple," he said. "We had an expert break these locks ahead of us. Now you lead

on, and remember I've got a gun."

He showed her the gun, a small, evil-looking rod that pointed at the flatness of her stomach. "You've got a pretty little stomach to shoot full of lead," he said coarsely.

"You won't need that," she said. She walked confidently and silently along the felt that covered the floor of the exclusive showroom and led down some stairs into the basement office. Tony told the other man to wait at the top of the stairs in case of accident.

Beverly Ann groped for about a minute for the light switch and the room became bright. "It can't be seen from the street," she explained, adding with a malicious smile: "All the better to shoot with, my dear."

"Get to work," Tony said, nodding at the strongroom door.

"Wall-safe first," she said. She walked over and looked at the lock. She looked at it for half a



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minute. Her heart was thumping in her breast and she was breathing deeply. Her lips were compressed.

She put her ear against the door and taking the combination knob between her fingers she began to twist slowly. She seemed to listen for a long time. Then she gave a satisfied smile and started again.

Tony had the pistol covering her while she worked. "Notice my bare hands," she said. "Think of the fingerprints. I'm going to be in deep now, aren't I?"

He had a quick return on his lips when the girl stopped back and gave a little tug.

"You've done it," he said. "Don't sound so surprised," she retorted. "Now I'll open the big strongroom, then you can clean out one while I make the other and we'll be away in no time."

She looked into the well-lit and then dried her hand in and pulled out a tray of rings. "Nice?" she asked. "But let's get on with the business."

She went to work on the strongroom door and Tony watched her. He still pointed the pistol at her but there was a glint of admiration in his eyes. "I don't know how you do it; you're amazing," he said.

"So much time than blowing it up with dynamite," she retorted. But after a minute she stood back and ran her finger delicately across her forehead. "This one's tough."

Tony's attitude tensed. The hand that held the pistol steepled.

"Now don't get rough," she said and her voice told how dry with fear her mouth was. "I'll get it. Anyway, you can start on the

side—a choice lot of diamonds."

"And leave you uncovered? Not likely."

She went to work on the strongroom and must have been all of two minutes. Then she stood back.

"Nearly got it this time," she said.

"You're wasting a hell of a lot of time," he told her.

"I can't help it if the thing's stubborn," she retorted and went to work again.

Tony urged her. "Come on," he said. "I'm getting nervy."

"Then point that gun away from me," she said, and gave a tug. The door opened.

"There you are! Will you wait on the wall-safe?" Without waiting for his answer she stepped into the strongroom. She switched on the light and began to run her hands over the shelves. After a minute she came to the door of the strongroom. Tony was turning round from the wall safe when there was a crashing explosion. He yelled and doubled up like a jack-knife, clenching his thigh where the bullet had thudded in.

Beverly Ann stood in the door of the strongroom, the heavy revolver still smoking in her hand, her face ashen white. She could hear the running footstep on the stairs and as the second man came into the office she fired at his feet.

He threw himself sideways and she fired again. He put his hands up.

Tony aimed his revolver at her and she fired swiftly at him again, knocking it out of his hand and making him cry with pain.

"Put your hands up and keep them there," she said. "The police will be here in a minute."

Tony cursed in pain and fury. "I got the gun in the strongroom," Beverly Ann said. "And by the way, there's a concealed alarm in that wall-safe that I pressed when I first got it open."

Tony's eyes showed that he understood clearly why the first safe had opened so quickly and the second one so slowly as the girl played for time.

Upstairs a voice called, and Beverly Ann shouted back. The unmistakable, purposeful tread of policeman's feet was already on the stairs when Beverly Ann said: "And Tony, if you're mystified, I know all this because there was one thing your clever boss didn't check up on. This is my regular place of employment and I'm confidential secretary."

Everything explained itself at once as the police came into view.

The car that came back to collect Tony and Beverly Ann pulled into the kerb as arranged and collected two policemen. The jig was up, and the rest was a matter of routine.

Daylight was streaming through the unwashed windows of the dingy police office when Beverly Ann had finished her recital of events and asked to use the telephone.

Yes, she found Roland at home—at home and very worried indeed, wondering what had happened to her and what to do. She told him crisply where she was and asked him to come round in the car to pick her up.

Then she hung up the telephone and did the first really feminine thing she had done since Friday afternoon. She faircoed.

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family and their capital out of the country which was no longer theirs. The family business had been boycotted, the Rosenbergs stoned in the streets—there was nothing left for them but to go. Only personal belongings were allowed to be taken. One automobile per family . . . clothes . . . bedding . . . one piece of personal jewellery . . . That was the information grudgingly given to young Rosenberg by the authorities. And the car would be searched, thoroughly, at the border.

Abraham Rosenberg accepted this information gratefully. He told his family to pack, and to give him their money and jewellery. His family, somewhat surprised, handed over the valuables. And, one morning in 1933, young Abraham and his family left their home, started the automobile and left their country.

At the France-German border, the guards searched the family,

WHEN Hitler rose to power, he made two things quite clear. One—as capital could leave the country, two—the Jewish people were to be exterminated.

The foreign guards were experts in searching luggage, and any person of Jewish ancestry who was detected in the act of smuggling money would receive short shrift.

The young Abraham Rosenberg, a Munich watchmaker, thought perhaps he could take his



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# Mum

TAKES THE ODOR  
 OUT OF  
 PERSPIRATION

their clothes, their baggage—even the *guns* themselves. For four hours they were held up, but eventually allowed to go towards freedom.

And Abraham was not downcast. He had his family's capital—all of it, he explained on the way

to Paris. For the toolkit spread over the road, the grease-stained pliers and spanners which had been spurned by the jack-booted guards, were the Rosenberg wealth. They had been specially made, for Abraham, from platinum.

\*\*\*\*\*



**DURING** the

reign of the first great Napoleon a party of French sailors, under the command of Admiral Dumont D'Urville, landed on an obscure island in the Greek archipelago. The party had landed solely for the purpose of filling their water tanks, but the leader, an impatient lieutenant, found a group of workmen laboriously digging at a cliff.

He ordered his foreign party to wait and see what happened. Perhaps it was something of value about to be recovered. But, they waited . . . and waited . . . and the men began to flidget. The lieutenant was about to give the order to depart, when he saw the workmen dragging from the earth a dirty statue. Perhaps, mused the lieutenant, it was a statue

which France might like to own among her art treasures.

On questioning the workmen, the lieutenant discovered that they had located the statue for their master, the Prince Museum. Now, the lieutenant knew that Napoleon with a connoisseur of art. Perhaps this might appeal to the Emperor. Who could say? Perhaps the lieutenant might even gain promotion. He demanded the statue. After a battle, in which the statue was damaged and two Frenchmen were killed, they succeeded in wresting the dirty soiled marble from the Greeks.

What the Admiral said to the young lieutenant has not been recorded, but the statue, disfigured and stolen, became the symbol of beautiful womanhood—the Venus de Milo.

\*\*\*\*\*



**IN** the city of Austin, capital of Texas, U.S.A., a man was on trial. The charge was embezzlement. The prisoner, alleged the prosecution, had—while acting as a teller

in the Austin bank—used clients' funds for his own purposes. The prisoner was completely disinterested in the trial. He did not tell the judge what he had previously told his friends. The inefficiency

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of bank executives, the habit of clients helping themselves to the cash without withdrawal forms, made it impossible for the clerk to balance his books.

But inefficiency or not, the man in the dock was found guilty. He went to prison, to the Ohio Penitentiary, and was regarded as an exemplary prisoner. Indeed, he was made clerk at the prison pharmacy. There, on odd scraps of paper, he began to write. Even then, he was careful to observe prison formalities, and he left the stocks on the doctor's desk so that the latter might read them before they were submitted for publication.

\*\*\*\*\*



IN the early years of this century, the name of Arthur Conan Doyle was well known. Known as an author . . . playwright . . . philanthropist . . . spiritualist. In short, he was a great man.

It was not enough that he had a successful play running in London. Doyle was passionately fond of the theatre, and each night he went back-stage just before curtain raise.

It was during one of these visits that he met a young actor—a promising young man, he thought. So promising that, although the young man was not playing the lead, when the principal actor dropped from the cast through illness, Doyle recommended his protégé for the part. The newcomer was so good that Doyle raised the actor's salary to the unheard of

The one-time bank clerk only served two of his five years sentence. Then he was released—to find that he had a reputation. Sydney Porter, in an effort to overcome the boredom of gaol, had made himself famous—but not as Sydney Porter. O. Henry! The master of the short story! Yet, those two years spent in gaol, fruitful though they were, need never have happened, for at the date given by the prosecution as that when the money was embezzled, Sydney Porter, otherwise O. Henry, was not even in the employ of the bank which charged him.

salary of three pounds per week!

This young actor requested the privilege of an interview with Doyle, who granted it. In fact, he invited the actor to dine, and after dinner sought the reason for the youth's request. The young actor nervously explained that he was grateful to Doyle, and that he wished to offer him something. He wanted to know if Doyle would agree to divide their incomes with each other for the rest of their lives. Doyle was amazed. The young actor's three pounds per week—and his own income was then over two thousand pounds. Even though the young actor insisted that his own income would one day equal that of Doyle, the playwright was amused but regretful he could not accept the offer.

And so, Arthur Conan Doyle threw away the chance of assuring

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himself of riches—for the young man is today one of the great figures of the film world—and has


been so since the earliest days of the silent film. His name? Charlie Chaplin.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

 IN January, 1945, Malcolm McEasbern died in London. The man with the resonant basso voice of velvet would no longer enchant audiences. Since he was 17 years old, Malcolm McEasbern had been singing—singing in concert halls and theatres, in musical comedy and revue, for records and radio, pouring out his voice in all its glory. No one since Melba did so much to teach the world that Australia was not a backward but a talented land. A few years ago when the basso began to feel off color, he sought advice from a Harley Street specialist. The diagnosis was not a pleasant one. It seemed that the singer had a tumor in his throat—not serious, but

requiring an operation. McEasbern could have had the operation immediately, but as the condition did not seem to be affecting his voice, and he had pressing engagements, he decided to wait. And—he waited too long. His health began to fail, although his voice was as perfect as it had ever been. Another visit to the specialist showed that now the operation was urgent. On the eve of the operation, Malcolm McEasbern sang his last songs—with the same beauty that had always characterized his voice. He died, following the operation, and there are those who believed that he had lost the will to live—for had he survived the operation, he could never have sung again.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

 HE was 17 years old that spring of 1669—17 and adre with stories of the Spanish Main.

There were no parents to say him nay, for the lad was an orphan and leaving the little school he made his way to the English coast, and there on to a ship. But the Spanish Main was far off and the little ship was only running salt cod from the Newfoundland

banks, a mundane life for a boy dreaming of battle and riches.

But as that ship he learned navigation and seamanship and he was not much older in years, but in skill equal to many an older man, when he shipped again as a common sailor to the West Indies. He worked ashore at Jamaica, went back to England, but the sea still called and he returned to the West Indies, this time not before



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the mast but commanding a ship on a semi-mercantile, semi-private voyage.

Now he could strike El Dorado, pillage and plunder, kill and capture. Cities of South America yielded their treasures. He planned them to make the whole Pacific coast pay him tribute, but the plan went awry; his ship was becalmed and his crew about to cast lots to see which man should be eaten first when a wind sprang up and drove them — not to Brazil, but Gama. He thought of the wealth of Cathay and shaped a course for China.

He never got there. Wind tossed, he found himself — far from China — in February, 1688, off an enchanted coast, a land that repelled him for he saw nothing but dust and desolation. He left this uninviting land without regret, without profit, and he returned to England after 12 years' search for El Dorado to write of his voyage and the strange land.

He voyaged again and again in search of treasure and in the South Seas rescued a man from the island of Juan Fernandez — the castaway named Alexander Selkirk whom Daniel Defoe made famous as Robinson Crusoe.

The man who rescued the original Crusoe sailed on after the riches and fame which so consistently eluded him, until from one voyage he never returned. No one knows his fate. But during his voyage he had passed over wealth because his outward signs were not promising.

For the strange land which, on that February day in 1688, had repelled him by its barrenness was the western coast of Australia. And the man who had despised the sandy soil, the rocks and the ill-kept natives, the man who sought the Spanish Main, the navigator, pirate and explorer was William Dampier — the man who might have discovered Australia had he been more careful.



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# Talking Points

• **Cover Girl.** Well here she is, and we're proud of her!

From the stacks of mail that had the postman grumpy, from the rows of photographs held out on the long table before the judges, leapt out the vivid young face of Miss Ned McGilchey.

Feature for Cavalcade's Cover Girl! Miss McGilchey took a brief—briefest of ever-widening hundreds of intrusive lanes. The exquisite features, the femininity of the 17-year-old Tinseltown star shone out radiantly in the covers shot by Melbourne photographer John Warlow. For more about Miss McGilchey and the final score on the quest, see pages 74-77.

There are many cover girls, but we believe we have a **FIND**, that the Cavalcade Cover Girl Quest has set a standard—challenging America's and Britain's cover girls.

So say thanks and regards to all the lovely girls who quiet the competition as still, to the judges, to the photographers who co-operated—and our love to Miss McGilchey!

• After going through the ordeal to write *My Cold in the Mayor* (p. 4), W. K. Robertson got the chill of death out of his system with a nibble of whisky, one which he swapped experiences with another star man who had once reported a hugging Swede it's traditional among newspapermen to take a comforting gulp of spirits after strenuous activity, and the dust took after

such grisly assignments as the *exorcism story*.

Robertson recalled his most gruesome journalistic experience. More than 20 years ago he was late-night sub-editor on the Sydney "Telegraph" in the lonely pre-dawn when word flashed through of one of Australia's worst railway disasters. The only man in the office, he rushed to Epping by car while the office designed men from their homes to see hourly special editions.

When he reached the scene of carnage, about an hour and a half after the smash, people were still piling bearded wreaths and screaming in the flames.

"I was bowled up by youth and enthusiasm for the job of journalism," said Robertson. "Indeed, it was the first time I ever saw mutilated death."

We're not Robertson to write about female sex month—*The First Class of Dying*.

• **FREPIEN.** Just 15 years ago the great Anna Pavlova died in the arms of the Royal Theatre in the Hague. In *Corbusier for a Rebirth* next month Corbusier Ceyra describes a poignant, dramatic interview with the aging ballerina not long before her death. . . . Another amazing story of the back country, *George Farwell's The Farwell's Mark Day, Late Mince Day's Reginald and I Met Japan's Mark Day*, will be among the variety of articles. . . . And the month's long fiction story will be a splendid sea tale, *Master Under God*, by Captain Jack Hamilton.

It's a Big Evening . . .

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. . . time out for the friendly pause

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